

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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THE BASLE "MISSION'S-FEST."

ALL is not given over to indifferentism and infidelity in Continental Europe. There is presented the aspect of a spiritual desert. Oases, however, may be found. They are not always on the common route of travel. The "Guide-book" does not guide to them. They escape the attention of the eager sight-seer. But when one turns aside and seeks, they may be found. And with the finding there comes a juster appreciation of Christian life and Christian work in the homes of Luther and of Calvin; a deeper sympathy with the faithful few who stand by the truth and seek its extension; more precious memories than art or nature or wrinkled ruins can inspire,—that of saintly lives, whose perfume sweetens the air of these historic and classic lands. He is ignorant of that which is most worth knowing, who, passing by, has no communion with their noblest spirits, who witnesses not the intense struggle, the contending against unbelief, the determined purpose on the part of holy men that all faith shall not be swept away before the over-rushing tide. The world hears much of infidel raids and captured outposts; of the present universal, concentrated fierce attack all along the lines; but the heroism which holds the citadel of truth is unchronicled. The writings of a Strauss are heralded abroad; the many and thorough refutations in the land of Strauss are ignored or unknown. Declarations

of unmixed evil and unbelief have been as common as they are cheap. It will serve a better purpose to search the good and give it to the light. The writer can bear testimony to the fact that there are those who have not bowed the knee to this modern Baal; firmness, determination, courage, intensified by the poisoned arrows of assault. Nowhere can there be found more beautiful lives, a holier devotedness, characters more pure and spotless, spending themselves for the true and the good. Chivalry still remains. It has taken on a higher form, and seeks nobler ends. In all Switzerland there is no place where religious activity has a more marked manifestation than in Basle. It has been the boast of this ancient city that, until now, an unevangelical minister was not permitted to occupy a pulpit. The crowning glory, however, is its "Mission's-Institute." This has the distinction of being the largest Protestant missionary training-school in the world. And the lands that sustain it with men and money can not be barren of religious life. Amid jeers and opposition, it nobly holds on its way. This institution is the center of a Christian circle that embraces not only a large portion of Switzerland, but also, in an especial sense, Southern Germany. In its origin, it dates back to the year 1815. Seven godly men, inspired with a love for their fellows, formed themselves into

an "Evangelical Missionary Society." Europe had been scourged by a long and bloody war. The time of peace and of blessing had come. The place of organization was the Pfarrer's House of the ancient St. Martin's Church; the church where Oecolampadius first proclaimed the old doctrines of the new Reformation. A pastor from Würtemberg was placed at its head. Seven youths formed the beginning. The primary object, to train men who should translate and preach the divine Word in any and all parts of the habitable globe. From this feeble commencement has grown the present "Anstalt," that attracts the attention of European Christendom. Its lines of healthful influence go out to the continents of Asia and Africa, and to the New World. A tasteful and commodious building has been erected, at the expense of four hundred thousand francs. It is pleasantly located within a neatly kept garden, just outside of one of the ancient and picturesque gates of Basle. Nearly two hundred persons may find a home under its protecting roof. Upon entering, one catches the spirit of the place. The atmosphere is of Christian work in its broadest sense, and in a living incarnation. The salesroom is stocked with missionary publications, — biographies and histories, pamphlets and leaves, from the half-penny sheet to the folio, popularly designed, illustrated, replete with information of distant lands, and of missionary men and mission work therein. They are adapted to every class and condition. Here are likewise the extensive museum of curiosities from idolatrous climes, bureaus for the transaction of business, living and class rooms of professors and students, the chapel, the *salon* of the controlling committee, and the culinary department. Ninety young men are in course of the six years' training. Baden, Prussia, Alsace, Bavaria, Hesse Darmstadt, Switzerland, Russia, China, Western Africa, Turkey, Asia Minor, are represented; while little Würtemberg, foremost in missionary zeal, furnishes nearly the one-half. From varied avo-

cations they have come. The weaver, the tailor, the shop-keeper, the vine-dresser, the teacher, the merchant, the peasant, and, in solitary instances, also, the noble, have here made their self-consecration to Christ and Christ-work. Health, piety, and life-devotedness are the conditions of entrance. Languages, ancient and modern, the usual course of the theological seminary, and the added special branches preparatory to their life-work, form the curriculum of study. All is gratuitously provided. The care of the house and grounds is the only equivalent rendered by the "Zöglinge." Thus the doors are thrown open to the poor, by whom chiefly, as well as to whom, the Gospel is to be preached. Otherwise the institution were a failure. The hope of heathendom lies with the humble. "Not many mighty, not many noble," are called to this work.

Religious life and experience are placed uppermost. To this end, special religious meetings by the classes, separately and collectively, are held weekly, while there are daily morning and evening Bible and prayer services. It is a Christian home, and a Christian workshop preparatory to the world-parish that lies beyond. But behold an unwonted agitation: an air of excitement and expectancy. It is the "Mission's-Fest." And strangers are pouring in from all the surrounding districts; by railroad, by stage, by private conveyance, on foot; all ranks and all ages. The whole family is *en route*, as to a Jewish feast. The peasant from the Black Forest, with ancestral buckskin knee-breeches and silver buttons; the frau, with braided hair and streaming ribbons; the tradesman, the manufacturer, the pastor; the returned missionary, broken in body but joyful in spirit. It is Basle's annual gala week. For the people at large, it is a kind of Methodist camp-meeting and old-time general training united. A welcome holiday for the overworked body; how overworked, the American laborer, especially the American woman, happily knows not. A greeting of friends, and the higher, nobler purpose in which all men seem to unite,

the desire to worship God, and to labor for the extension of his kingdom. Fifteen hundred guests are entertained by the "Society and its friends;" the high and the low, the rich and the poor receiving an equal welcome. Private houses and hotels are filled. Public buildings, including "the barracks," are converted into places for sleep. Business is at a standstill. The ribbon factories, in which Basle leads the world, are silent. The thought of ribbon workers, for a brief period, is turned to a kingdom not of this world, the adorning of whose citizens is that of a meek and quiet spirit. Appropriate religious services are held on the preceding Sabbath. On Monday comes the greeting of the guests, and on Tuesday evening commence the Anniversaries, for which eager multitudes have been in waiting. The gathering is in the open air. A Basler of wealth and a friend of the "Mission," has placed his extensive and beautiful grounds at the disposal of the Society, for the evening. The invitation has been general, and it is estimated fifteen hundred are present. In groups they saunter along the shaded walks and neatly trimmed lawn; a day to be marked with a white stone by the many, as the glowing countenance testifies. Blessed is the man who increaseth his brother's happiness. Refreshments are provided by the hospitable host for the entire company. Tea, a not common beverage, and beer, a bit too common, it may be, to the masses, are served. All classes meet upon a religious equality. There is no respect of persons before the Basle "Mission's-Fest." An hour is delightfully passed in social intercourse; another hour in religious exercises. There are tables for the sale of the missionary publications. Old and young, including the wee kind in white cap and sober, antiquated dress, bear away the precious leaves, and thus the interest is extended. The proceedings are continued through the following days of the week. There is the examination of the *Zöglinge*, and the annual report from the presiding officer, the honored Herr Inspector Josen-

haus, who, for twenty-five years, has acceptably filled this delicate and arduous position, carrying in his mind and on his heart, the institution at home, and the vast mission fields abroad. Addresses are delivered by representative men, of different Church communions and different nationalities. Missionaries from distant lands speak of their trials and triumphs; missionary information is given; earnest appeals are made; a missionary enthusiasm is created. One day is set apart for an excursion and picnic, ten miles away, to Beuggen on the Rhine. The way is enlivened by grand German chorals from the two thousand happy pilgrims. Passing through the mediæval gate, the grounds of the ancient castle are reached. At one time it formed the headquarters of Bernhard, Grand Duke of Weimar. He here defeated John of Werth, at the close of the Thirty Years' War. Eight thousand men were buried in the fields around the castle moat. It is an enchanting spot, shaded by venerable trees of chestnut, its beauty increased by the sweeping curves of the Rhine. Here the day was passed, socially and festively. The great object of the occasion, however, was not lost sight of in the earnest addresses that were delivered to the attentive throng. The evening garden gatherings are repeated, breaking the monotony and relieving the heaviness of such assemblies. It is the German *gemüthlichkeit*, so delightful, inexpressible by English word. Upon the last occasion of this kind, it was thought five thousand were in attendance. And vast multitudes attended the varied services, for the "Mission" has a hold upon the masses. And these Anniversaries serve to intensify and extend the influence. The sturdy peasant from the Black Forest, or from some distant Swiss or German hamlet, is alive with missionary zeal. The little ones drink in the same spirit, and, in time, the family is personally represented in the mission field. Many of the surrounding villages are connected by these warm, living ties with the work beyond. In addition to

those who have fallen, one hundred and fifty, still remaining, have gone forth at the Master's call; and the number of volunteers is increasing, year by year. The lions of the week thus far have been the rescued missionary prisoners from Coomassie, the brave Ronseger and Kühne. For four and a half years they were held in durance trebly vile by the King of the Ashantees. Prayer did not cease to be offered for their deliverance, by the "Society" of Basle. And deliverance came, by the advent of British red-coats on the gold coast. One, although in the prime of life, is entirely broken in health, and can not resume missionary labor; the other is strong and vigorous, neither his spirit nor his body broken. Fearless and hopeful, at the earliest opportunity, with new recruits, he will return to prosecute his interrupted and much loved work in Southern Africa. Once and again, on the weary march, under the burning sun, snails, cayenne pepper soup, and a gomüse, prepared from plants, their only nourishment, these captives, their strength and hope exhausted, threw themselves upon the ground and entreated death. Men were beheaded by their side by the merciless captors. Through fear or policy (it may be by reason of the earnest and united supplication to the loving Father, who does hear when his children cry), the prayer of the sufferers was unheard by the tyrant master. A tone of exultation and thanksgiving pervaded the assemblies of the entire week by reason of the presence and safety of their much loved and long prayed for brethren. The words of the one, the mute eloquence of the other in bodily weakness while receiving the greetings of the congregated multitudes, were alike thrilling.

The interest, however, of the occasion culminated at the Einsegnung, or blessing. This took place at the justly celebrated Münster, which occupies a prominent summit, the Rhine flowing at its base. For more than a thousand years has a church stood upon this sacred spot. The present cathedral is in perfect con-

dition, of faultless proportions, a grand and imposing specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. Herein sat the famous Council of Basle, during the stormy days of the Reformation. Along the cloistered and secluded quadrangle meditated Erasmus, hesitating in his adherence to the Pope or to Luther. A refuge from the heat is the thick-walled dome, the rays of the sun kindling into glory the holy figures that from the windows look upon the scene. The great multitude fills the spacious edifice. The niches in the walls, that seem far up in cloud-land, are animated with living statues. The notes of the organ, far, far away, accompanied by the Missionary Brüder choir, resounds through the vast structure, a structure wisely adapted to music, as unwisely to oratory. Appropriate addresses follow, two of which, creditable to head and heart, are pronounced by missionary candidates. Now floats upon the air, subdued, plaintive, as if catching and throwing out the very spirit of the occasion, the soft sound of music,—the parting, the unknown future, the trials, the abiding Presence, the meeting by and by in the Heimat above.

The writer, though not a poet, ventures to give the last stanza in English verse:

"Brothers, the good seed strew,
While the seed-time still remains;
Till He himself returns,
Work, work in the Savior's name.
Then glad will the harvest-song resound,
And the Reaper with his sheaves be found."

As the sweet strains die away in solemn stillness, twelve young men gather around the altar. The prayer of consecration is offered. They fall upon their knees, and the hands of blessing, as of patriarchal time, are laid upon their heads. The name of each is called, "Lieber Bruder," and mention is made of the work now entered upon, the designated land whither, Abram-like, he goes, the accompanying Savior, and in his name are the added words of blessing. India, Africa, Russia, distant parts of the earth, are assigned for a life service. Tears fall from many eyes that behold the "living acceptable sacrifice." A prayer commits

to the loving Jesus the loving young disciples to his protection and blessing evermore. From the far-off distance there comes still more sweetly, in the bliss of assurance, as if an angel-chant, to cheer and sustain, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." The fraternal kiss is added, and the "Einsegnung" is at an end. All hearts seem bowed in the sacred presence. The sublimity of the scene, that nature can not rival, to which art can not aspire, awes the soul. Holy lives given to holy ends. Men may decry the Christian's faith, but these are they who will die in its defense; and, the still severer test, who will live for its propagation, the long, patient, toiling, suffering years. There is a nobleness in this consecration, this pouring out of life for another,—a Christliness of disinterested love, of which a sinning, sorrowing world has ever need.

Theodore Parker, closing the biography of Judson, with wet eyes, wrote in his journal: "If the missionary cause had never done any thing more than to build up such a character, it is worth all it has cost." The reflex influence of this work continues until this day to give such characters to the world, for its reproof and for its imitation. It is the solution of the mysterious words, "the losing one's life to find it." The littleness of little lives and selfish ends is uncovered in its radiant light. The old missionaries gather around; they who had borne the burden and heat of the day, their natural force abated, their eyes dim with tears as well as with age. These strong young men step forward to take their places. "Fill up the ranks," thinned by disease and death, is the watchword of an aggressive Christianity. The world for its Redeemer.

Engaged in the same work, though distinct, and celebrating its own festivities during this gala week, is the Pilger-Mission of Chrischona. Upon a mountain-top, three miles away, stands its imposing cluster of buildings, solitary and isolated. A characteristic legend is connected with the spot. In the third,

or, according to other authorities, in the seventh, century, a Christian king of England had a highly favored daughter, Ursula by name. Her hand was sought in marriage by the son of a heathen king. The maiden gave her consent on the condition that she should be allowed three years for a pilgrimage, and be accompanied by eleven thousand virgin companions. In their travels they were miraculously led. Six angels went before them, clearing the roads, bridging the torrents, pitching their tents, and keeping sacred guard. On their return from Rome, Basle was reached. Here, alas! one of the maidens, Chrischona, or Christiana, died. It was impossible to remove the body, until two young heifers that had never borne the yoke were harnessed to the wagon. They, undirected, or, rather, divinely directed, led the way. Trees, rocks, stones, fled before them. They did not rest until the high summit was reached. A church was built upon the spot in commemoration of the event. It is the ancient church of Chrischona. This is the legend of St. Ursula. She has thence become the patroness of all young maidens, of school-girls and their teachers. The saintly virgin is represented in art as spreading her broad mantle, under which many of her young companions gather. But there are thousands of them to whom the artists, in their perplexity, have never devised the means of doing justice. A halo of glory surrounds the crowned head of the virgin princess; the staff of the pilgrim is in her hand; there is borne aloft a white banner with a red cross, symbol of the victorious Christian; while an arrow represents the martyr-death. The ancient church on the solitary mountain-top had fallen into ruins; but once yearly was there a gathering of Romanists for a commemorative service. It was a common shelter for cattle.

In the year 1840, the venerable, godly Spittler, name of precious memory, here established the "Pilger Mission." The dilapidated church of St. Chrischona and a single student constituted the incipient

institution. The young man made his home in a chamber of the desolate church, and performed the duties of evangelist in the adjacent country. From this unpromising beginning has grown the present prosperous Missionary Anstalt of Chrischona. New buildings have been erected; the old church has been renovated; nearly one hundred acres of land have been secured surrounding the premises; and to-day more than sixty students are in training for their life-work. The little Christian community of St. Chrischona numbers one hundred members. It forms one family. In the benevolent and devoted Haus-mutter the writer found a girl acquaintance of many years ago. It was on Mount Zion, at the hospitable home of the venerable Father, the Bishop of Jerusalem. He himself had gone forth a missionary student from Missionary Basle.

This institution is on a somewhat different basis from that already described. The young men pass three hours daily in hand-work, either in the shop or in the field. They are required to master a trade. Their term of study is four years. They then go forth as Christian artisans, or artisan missionaries, qualified to civilize as well as to Christianize those to

whom they are sent. They receive a moderate outfit and their traveling expenses. Subsequently, "they are to eat their own bread with thankfulness." No salary is pledged, but, in case of necessity, aid is received. Three hundred have gone from this mountain-top to lift men to God. The work in Abyssinia, and the "Apostolic Highway," that was to link this country with Jerusalem by missionary stations, are some of the fruits of this society. From this missionary eyrie, laborers continue to go down into the world, "to work until the Master comes." Like unto him, the whole earth is in the sweep of their thought and love. As those of old, they go forth without scrip or purse, relying upon the promise that they shall not lack. An equal number of "Pilgrim Missionaries" pass out to the scene of active and beneficent labor with each returning Fest. Year after year, there flows forth from this ancient town this stream of lives for the healing of the nations. May guardian angels watch over these consecrated youth, and at the end the "Reaper with his sheaves be found!" If one is skeptical in regard to Christian life and Christian work in these lands, he should visit Basle during its festive week. GIDEON DRAPER.

NERVOUS DISEASE—INSOMNIA.

MEDICAL science has changed its verdict, lately, on the subject of overwork, and the supposed consequent nervous maladies. It is taking the ban off of labor, and "rehabilitating" it in its old honor as of curative virtue. A distinguished lecturer before a medical institution, in London, has given, as the practical upshot of his inquiries about the prevalent nervous troubles, insomnia, etc., first, that the patient should avoid high pillows in sleeping; secondly, that he should be sure not to avoid moderate work.

Still later, Dr. Wilks, of Guy's Hospital, London, has appeared in the *Lancet*, with a sharp warning against the prescription of idleness, or "rest," as a remedy for these vague maladies. His views are not only the result of extensive observation, but of cerebral physiology; for the brain may be said to be a secretory organ, and its health depends upon its activity. Though thought is "spiritual," yet it is indisputably conducted by the action of the brain-material, especially of its "gray substance." All vital action, so far as it is materially apparent,

consists in the consumption and reparation of tissue,—of the substance of the organ acting. Now, apply this fact to the brain, an organ hitherto habitually active, and perhaps over-active, absorbing nutriment and yielding its effete residuum in every act of thought or feeling, what must become its condition if this activity is suddenly and entirely (or as nearly so as possible) arrested? What would become of the stomach, were it treated in like manner, even had it long been over-worked by gormandizing? It may need to be supplied with healthier food, or less of it, but abrupt and complete abstinence would be ruinous to it. Dr. Wilks, therefore, thinks that the worst sufferings of these complaining brain-workers and bad sleepers arise from this blunder. He draws some striking pictures of such supposed sufferers,—the broken-down husband, who must shirk the support of his family; the wife, sinking under the burden of domestic vexations from intractable servants and uproarious children; and the delicate daughter who has the frightful misfortune to discover that she has "nerves," and infers—or if not she, yet her sympathetic mamma—that the physician must insist that she relinquish at once "her cottage-visiting or Sunday-school teaching," and betake herself to inaction, to day-lounges on her sofa, that destroy the night's rest on her bed; and whose self-indulgence and dread of exertion may enfeeble her whole nature until she becomes bedridden, or at least house-fast, for the remainder of life, with hardly an appreciable symptom of positive disease.

While, therefore, this London authority admits that there may be real cases of *overwork*, he believes they are comparatively rare; there is more over-worry, over-apprehension about health, and consequent neglect of that normal degree and variety of work which might readily restore the patient to cheerful and useful life. Even in cases of specific brain disease, as well as of nervous disease, not specifically involving the brain, occupation (without excess, of course) is the

logical prescription; inanition is almost certain doom in such cases.

Many a man who has retired rich from business, in apparent good health, has found that he must return to his old occupation, or an equivalent substitute, or die a pitiable hypochondriac; and his case is perfectly intelligible, on the above view of the physiology of the brain. Hence, says Dr. Wilks, "If the question is put broadly, 'Are people suffering from overwork?' I, for one, should have no hesitation in saying no; but, on the contrary, if both sexes be taken, I should say the opposite is nearer the truth, and that more persons *are suffering from idleness than from excessive work*. As regards the community generally, or at least those of its number who come before the medical man on account of their ailments, my belief is, that the explanation they offer arises from a delusion; and, amongst girls, so far from any studies or other work being injurious, I could instance numerous cases of restoration to health on the discovery of an occupation. Very often, when a business man complains of being overdone, it may be found that his meals are very irregular and hurried, that he takes no exercise, is rather partial to brandy and soda, and thinks it not improper to half poison himself with nicotine every night and morning. The lady, in the same way, eats no breakfast, takes a glass of sherry at eleven o'clock, and drinks tea all the afternoon; when night arrives, she has become ready to engage in any performance to which she may have been invited. It is generally admitted that, amongst men, a want of occupation is so detrimental that no demonstration of the fact is required. They are the bread-winners; and the pursuit after the necessities of life, for one's self and belongings, is believed to be intimately associated with health. But if this be a physiological law, it is equally applicable to women; and it may be shown that a large number of ailments in girls is due to want of occupation, or idleness. Some clever girls, who are naturally joyous, hopeful, and gay when

young, soon reach an age when they become sentimental, and all the bright visions they had pictured, slowly fade away; they fall into a listless, dreamy state, which acts most injuriously on their physical organization; their artificial and morbid condition is too often fostered by medication and unnatural diet; the seeds of consumption or other ailments are being sown; and the interesting invalid slowly fades away. All this might frequently have been prevented by an occupation, or some active exercise of the faculties. If healthy and vigorous persons be taken, there appears no absolute necessity for rest at all, in the popular sense of the term. The rest required is gained during sleep, meals, and necessary healthful exercise. Instances might easily be quoted of statesmen, judges, and members of our own profession, who know no absolute rest, and who would smile at the suspicion of hard work injuring any man. The subject of over-work, then, is one of the greatest importance to study, and has to be discussed daily by all of us. My own opinion has already been expressed, that the evils attending it, on the community at large, are vastly over estimated; and, judging from my own experience, the persons with unstrung nerves, who apply to the doctor, are not the prime minister, the bishops, judges, and hard-working professional men, but merchants and stock-brokers retired from business, government clerks who work from ten to four, women whose domestic duties and bad servants are driving them to the grave, young ladies whose visits to the village-school, or Sunday performance on the organ, are undermining their health, and so on. In short, in my experience, I see more ailments arise from want of occupation than from overwork; and, taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly treating, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork."

There are few medical men who will not admit that this is good common sense, but the Professor at Guy's indulges a

frankness which they can not often use, "Nervous patients" are their terror; they must do the best by them that they can, and they find it sometimes necessary to the welfare of the patient, that they should compromise their judgment of the case, and seem to sympathize with his exaggerated symptoms. Otherwise, their advice may be rejected, their judgment be impugned, and the self-deluded sufferer may throw himself into the hands of incompetent medical pretenders, or destroy himself with nostrums.

Such sufferers hanker after sympathy, but this is the worst thing that can be given them. On the other hand, severity is not good for them. A gentle neutral demeanor, neither confirming them in their moral feebleness, nor provoking them to distrust your competence to understand and counsel them, is the best; but the consummate wisdom necessary for this is rare indeed.

One of the symptoms of these maladies, recorded in medical books, is the moral self-absorption of the invalid. He expects every possible sacrifice for his relief or comfort, and will make none himself; this demand sometimes takes on the aspect of a supreme selfishness.

Another grievous symptom is a cruel suspiciousness, usually aimed at those who are nearest, and should be dearest, to the sufferer. The best services are impeached, the purest and tenderest motives accused. No maladies require more forbearance. No recrimination should escape the lips of attendants or friends under these provocations. They should not attempt to *drive* the patient, but to *draw* him out of his morbid moods. No other course will avail.

Another frequent symptom, as recorded by medical authorities, is a self-accusing temper, incompatible as this may seem with the exorbitant selfish claims of the patient already noticed. He is disposed to exaggerate every little defect of his past life into an unpardonable enormity. He takes back to himself the guilt of his old sins, though they may have long been repented of and forgiven. Many a truly

devoted Christian has, in such moods, believed that his whole religious life has been a course of self-deception or of unconscious hypocrisy. Zschokke, in one of his most powerful stories, treats of this morbid delusion of the conscience, and shows that the best men are sometimes its worst sufferers. Washington Irving, one of the noblest and purest of men, enfeebled in his old age by nervous exhaustion, said that he felt, at times, as he supposed a man must who had committed some great crime.

Again we say, it is useless to argue with the patient in such cases, it is often worse than useless, for it only leads him to attempt corroborations of his own arguments. A decided, good-humored denial of his morbid assumptions may be given; but he must be gradually led out of his delusions by a right sanative treatment. By this he will come, sooner or later, to think less about his symptoms and delusions; then to doubt them, and suspect that his "nerves" have been playing tricks upon him; and, at last, without the aid of a single syllogism, he *feels* that he is restored in mind and body, and will wonder, if not inwardly laugh, at the whimsicalities which have been befooling him.

But what is more particularly the right sanative treatment? We proceed to answer this question, but must remind the reader that the description of symptoms, above given, is not applicable to all cases; the most prevalent ones in this country (and they are becoming so in Great Britain) are simply those of *Insomnia*, or wakefulness, accompanied, of course, with more or less nervous restlessness and suffering, but not by delusions. The right treatment is, however, alike in all; with only such exceptions as the idiosyncrasies of the sufferer may indicate, and these must be left to the judgment of his medical adviser.

And, first, we must say with emphasis, *no medicines*. Be assured that no advanced medical authority would prescribe drugs in these cases, unless it be through distrust that the patient will use

the hygienic treatment, which is preferable and sufficient, or because of some such idiosyncratic reason as we have just alluded to. Touch no opiates. Especially use not, except by medical prescription, the chloral hydrate, which, within a few years, has been hailed as the great hypnotic, or sleep-giver, but which is now universally considered, in the country (Germany) which first gave it to the world, as a destructive poison. Its action depends on the amount of alkaline matter in the blood; if this is sufficient to take up the chloroform of the dose, immediate peril is escaped; but this is a variable quantity, and is not ascertainable; should it be deficient (as it at any time may be), the risk is serious. Chloral hydrate doubtless has its place in the *materia medica*, but should never be used except with the best medical advice. Even where it may not immediately peril life, it nevertheless acts deleteriously on the nervous system, insidiously but profoundly.

Spirituos stimulants are often prescribed, and with success, especially in acute, or temporary Insomnia. All is still better if the patient is exempt from bilious tendencies; these are likely to be aggravated by their use, and they again aggravate the disease. Clearly, then, it is best to abstain entirely from medicines, unless the physician see special reason for them.

The great "specific" for this whole class of maladies is open air exercise. Every such sufferer should be out of doors at least three hours every fair day, and, if his health is otherwise good, he should brave unfair weather as well. Three hours is a tolerable "constitutional," as they say in the English universities; double that time would be still better. If the sufferer can adopt an entirely out-door occupation, better still. He should retire to his bed every night *tired* and longing for rest, but never exhausted. Excessive fatigue is unfavorable to sleep. The hours of exercise should, therefore, be relieved by intervals of rest. Some sort of daily occupation

should be steadily maintained, as Dr. Wilks insists,—some task that shall pre-occupy the mind, or draw it out from the self-absorption to which nervous sufferers are usually addicted. This is a physiological necessity of the brain, as we have seen. It is surprising how the painful restlessness, with which the day begins with nervous patients, subsides, and gives way to serene self-control after a short application to some agreeable and absorbing occupation. Lord Home, the once famous author of the "Elements of Criticism," was occasionally subject to hypochondria; he records that he could always cure himself by attempting the composition of a new essay or book. Goethe passed through an early period of melancholy; he conquered it by literary occupation. Not merely the filling up of the time by miscellaneous reading, or casual business, but its daily, regular occupation, by some continuous, though never onerous, employment, is necessary. If it takes up the morning, or half the morning, it may suffice to render all the rest of the day tranquil and cheerful. The remainder of the day, spent in outdoor exercise and social recreations, will prepare him for improved rest at night; and, if he goes on thus improving for a few weeks, he will find, at last, that he has subdued the enemy, and needs only to keep himself fortified by correct habits against any repetition of its attacks.

We attempt to point out only the chief remedial considerations; for to multiply them much would defeat them by confusing or discouraging the patient; but we must add one more, and a comprehensive one, which applies radically to most, if not all, forms of these maladies: *take good care of the stomach.* Some high medical authorities are disposed to attribute Insomnia exclusively to gastric causes, save where there is an obvious impairment of the brain. Its proximate cause is doubtless either too much or too little blood in the brain (perfectly reconcilable conditions, though so opposite), but this irregularity of the circulation may itself arise from gastric causes. An

English authority attributes Insomnia generally to what he calls *nocturnal dyspepsia*,—the formation of acrid gases in the stomach and bowels, which, irritating the nerves of the delicate mucous surface, disturb the brain, and thereby drive away sleep. Such symptoms are almost universal with bad sleepers, indicating an acid condition of the contents of the stomach, and thereby indicating, also, the right remedy; namely, good digestion by good food. This theory is important, for to a great extent it is undoubtedly true, and, so far as it is true, it suggests the true treatment.

It is noteworthy that a supposed similar, but really identical, disease of the last century bears a popular name which implies the same origin to which this English authority attributes most of our modern Insomnia. Readers of the light literature and the biographies of the eighteenth century, will recall the word "vapours," as the title of a malady which prevailed generally in high life. The dames of society, in England, and especially in the gay *salons* of France, were forever complaining of their "vapours." The novels of fashionable life, the drama, the innumerable biographic memoirs of French literature, Addison's "Spectator," Johnson's "Rambler and Idler," the letters of Lady Montague, of Madame de Sévigné, of Madame Deffand, of Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, abound in such allusions. The "vapours" were, in fact, a sort of epidemic. Among the French the term was about synonymous with "ennui." Madame de Deffand (especially in her famous correspondence with Horace Walpole) never ceases to complain of her loss of sleep, and the restlessness and misery of her life. The gay Englishman revolted at the ever-recurring refrain of the "vapours," of "ennui," and the curious correspondence came near being broken off several times by the melancholy iterations of the morbid lady. Her early friend, and afterward successful rival in Paris *salon* life, Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, fairly raved about her "vapours," her "ennui," and

loss of sleep. She had recourse to laudanum as a remedy for the latter, and, as a consequence, died prematurely. These ladies were "queens of society," their salons were thronged by the beauty, the talent, and the nobility of Paris; but their writings show that they were habitual sufferers. Their "vapours" (produced by gastric fermentation of poorly digested food) expressed a symptom which indicated the real nature of the disease. It was a form of dyspepsia, and, we repeat, it was identical with the most prevalent form of our modern Insomnia. Treat the stomach rightly, and the evil will vanish. The eating of wrong food, or right food at wrong times, is the parent of nine-tenths of this prevalent mischief.

Finally, let us add that the "peace of God" is an inestimable auxiliary remedy in such cases. We have alluded to some of their moral symptoms; trust in God,

evangelical faith, is the best cure of these. It will seem a difficult one to many such sufferers; but let them remember the simplicity of faith, and that no faith is more acceptable to God than that which quietly holds on to his outstretched hand in hours of darkness and desolation. They that thus trust him "shall never be confounded." And even the "trial of their faith is precious." If they will combine with the out-door exercise we have recommended religious visitations to the poor and afflicted, they will find a double efficacy in them. Their morbid self-absorption will give way; their excessive claims for sympathy will yield to the more real claims of other sufferers; and in blessing, they shall be blessed. It has been truly said that "activity is the law of happiness, but benevolent activity is its supreme law."

ITINERANT.

GARRETS.

PART I.

"NOTHING is more apt to introduce writers to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well for us if he only left us at the door,—the mischief is, he sometimes chooses to give us his company at the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentleman usher, often turns master of ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret."—GOLDSMITH.

"WE never think of a garret," says Ryan, "but an infinitude of melancholy and lanky associations of skin and bone, poor poets and authors, come thronging on our imaginations. All idea of the sins of the flesh evaporates on our entrance, for if all the flesh that ever inhabited a garret were to be duly weighed in the balances, we are of the opinion it would not amount to a ton. In walking up the steps that lead to this domiciliary appendage of genius, we are wholly overcome by the sanctity of the spot. We think of it as the resort of greatness, the cradle and the grave of departed intellect, and pay homage to it with a sullen smile, or a flood of tears. How venera-

ble does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face; its tattered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig; and its numberless loop-holes of retreat for the north wind to pour through and cool the poet's imagination!" The life of the author is, at the very best, one sure to be filled with troubles. Talents bring always a sensibility easily hurt, and ambition is seldom satisfied. Even where much is accomplished, the high ideal still floats beyond the grasp. But if, in addition to these unsatisfied longings, the poor author has to dig his bread with his pen, then, indeed, he is to be pitied. Cherishing the

lostiest thoughts, yet ignorant where to obtain meat for his children. Lifted to the highest heaven with some beautiful imagination, only to be hurled to the lowest depth by the bailiff's knock. Hungering for bread as well as for fame, hovering between the empyrean of their fancy and a howling mob of creditors, harassed, disappointed, starved, maddened, Otway, Chatterton, Cowper, Collins, and an innumerable host of others as unfortunate, have passed away, some in insanity, some in want, some by their own hand.

From the earliest times, we find the chronicle of departed genius identified with poverty and suffering. Homer is not only the first poet, but also the first beggar, of note among the ancients, and groping his way from door to door, repeated his poetry to obtain his bread. Plautus, the comic poet, was, for his diversion, a maker of verses, but, to obtain his livelihood, a turner of a mill. Terence was a slave, and Boethius died in prison. Paul Borghese, who, as a poet, ranked with Tasso, though he knew fourteen different trades, died because he could get employment in none. Tasso himself, the most lovely in character of all the poets, was often obliged to borrow a crown to pay for some necessity. He has left us a pathetic little sonnet addressed to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes by which to write, as he is too poor to buy a candle! And what can we say to express our commiseration for poor Bentivoglio, whose comedies will die only with the Italian language, the intelligent, the magnanimous, the humane, who, after spending a noble fortune in acts of charity, and falling into extreme poverty in his old age, was refused admittance into the very hospital his benevolence had erected?

If we turn from Italy to Spain, we find the renowned Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote," unquestionably the best burlesque the world has ever produced, pursued by want, even in his old age, forgotten and unknown, left to perish of hunger.

Camoens, the solitary pride of Portugal,

the famous author of the "Lusiad," deprived of all the necessities of life, died in an alms house at Lisbon. The facts of his desolate condition, curiously enough, are preserved by an entry in a copy of the first edition of the "Lusiad," in the possession of Lord Holland, written by the friar who was a witness of the dying scene of the poet. The note is as follows: "What a lamentable thing to see so great a genius so ill-rewarded! I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without having a sheet or a shroud, *una sanana*, to cover him! What good advice for those who weary themselves, day and night, in study without profit!" The Portuguese, Disraeli says, after his death bestowed upon the man of genius they had starved, the appellation of "great."

Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, after composing a number of popular tragedies, lived in great poverty, and died at ninety years of age; then his coffin was borne by fourteen poets, who, without his genius, probably partook of his wretchedness.

In France we find no exception to the general law of starving literary characters. Vaugelas, one of the best writers of his time, was so deeply in debt that he derived the surname of "The Owl," through being obliged to stay in-doors all day, only venturing out at night, for fear of his creditors. His will is rather a remarkable one, and proves him to have been as honest as he was unfortunate. After bequeathing every thing to the payment of his debts, he adds: "But as there may still remain some creditor unpaid, even after all that I have shall be disposed of, in such case it is my last will that my body should be sold to the surgeons to the best advantage, and that the purchase should go to the discharging those debts which I owe to society, so that if I could not while living, at least when dead, I may be useful."

Corneille was found by Racine dying, without even a cup of broth to allay the pangs of hunger.

If we turn to England, we find there also the same misery and neglect. Cole-

ridge tells us poetry is its own "exceeding great reward." And let us hope, for the author's sake, it is; for amid hunger, cold, and nakedness, many of England's noblest sons endured what must have been, save for this high gift, wretched, wretched lives. When the picture grows too sad and dark, let us think of Burns, perhaps, with "Tam O'Shanter" possessing his whole soul, coming upon him as an inspiration, as he rushed along the banks of the river, the tears bursting from his eyes, and every feature glowing with the light that filled his soul; or perhaps of Goldsmith, ragged, hungry, sitting at his desk with his finger held up at his little dog to make him sit upon his haunches, while his page is still wet with these lines:

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Beginning as far back as the genial old Geoffrey Chaucer, he who has been truly named the Father of English poetry, we find that his early life was fortunate. Both Richard II and Edward III granted him some emoluments, and he speaks of himself as "once glorified in worldly wellfullnesse, and having such goods in welthe as makin men riche;" but his old age was visited with trouble and pecuniary difficulty, so great as to hasten his death, which occurred in 1400. Time, which has destroyed almost every thing connected with Chaucer, can not touch with his destructive finger his great work, the "Canterbury Tales," which, though they lay buried upward of seventy years in manuscript before Caxton, the first English printer, gave them to the world, still continue to be read and admired.

East Smithfield, near the Tower, was the birthplace of the rare old poet, Edmund Spenser. He was poor, with no powerful friend at court to push his fortune, and it is to be hoped that this pretty little story of his first acquaintance with Sir Philip Sidney is true. It is said that Spenser determined to try his fortune with this courtier, celebrated more than any other for his intellectual accomplish-

ments and his kind heart; so he set out one morning for Leicester House armed with the ninth canto of the first book of the "Faerie Queen." He was admitted, and presented his manuscript to Sidney, who had not read far before he was so struck with a verse in the Allegory of Despair, that he ordered fifty pounds to be paid the author. On reading the next, he added fifty more, and doubled the hundred at the third stanza; ordering the steward to pay at once, lest he give away his whole estate!

Let us hope this little story is at least partly true; for poor Spenser had so hard a life after, we need not begrudge him a little good fortune. At all events, Spenser was certainly introduced to Elizabeth by Sidney and Leicester, and spent much time and many hopes at the court of the maiden queen; but that he suffered much, and was disappointed in his desire for advancement, is well known. The best drawn picture of the miseries of court attendance ever given the world will be found in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale," beginning:

"Full little knowest thou who hast not try'd,
What hell it is in suing long to byde;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine on fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want his peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To free thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy bread with comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

The few incidents known at all of the "true and gentle poet" are familiar to the general reader,—his residence in the lonely and desolate castle of Kilcolman; its destruction by the Irish populace; his after residence in England, embittered by the loss of his child, who was burned in the castle; his great poverty; and, finally, his death, in an obscure lodging house in King Street. He received the usual award of genius,—after being left to hunger and die unaided and alone, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, with great honor, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. His hearse was attended by

poets and authors, who threw mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, into his tomb.

Milton, the prince of poets, as Hazlitt calls him, spent an unhappy but useful life of sixty-six years. Though not actually ground down to starvation, his property was very small, and for years he eked out a scanty living by keeping a boarding-school. His first marriage was a very unhappy one, though whether Mary Powell or the poet himself were the more blameworthy remains a mooted point. He lost his sight at the early age of forty-five, owing to the "wearisome studies and midnight watchings" of his youth, having been in the habit, when even a lad, of sitting up till the "wee sma' hours" to con his books. His enemies triumphed in his blindness, saying it was a judgment upon him for his disloyalty; but he wittily replied, "If it was a judgment upon me to lose my eyes, what sort of a judgment was that upon Charles which cost him his head?" His blindness did not stop his labors, and it was not till all things had been "dark, dark, irrecoverably dark," to him for six years, that he began the composition of the grandest English epic, "Paradise Lost." He did not have the gratification of knowing of its final grand success, though it had been published seven years before his death, and he received for it the pitiable sum of five pounds, being too poor to publish it himself.

"In the midst of obscurity passed the life of Samuel Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

Such are the words with which Dr. Johnson closes his brief account of the author of the greatest burlesque in the English language. While the profligate Charles II, whose whole life was a disgrace to the nation which bore with it twenty-five long years, was, with his whole court, convulsed with the wit, shrewdness, and perfectly irresistible

drollery, of "Hudibras," its poor author was left to pine and die in a garret. The Earl of Clarendon promised him a place at court, but never obtained it for him; the Duke of Buckingham, the worthy servant of such a master, granted him an interview, but, seeing two of the court ladies pass, ran out to meet them, and did not return. The small fortune he received with his wife was lost; he worked and struggled, only to die in great want, in an obscure street in London, and was buried by the charity of a friend. Sixty years after this neglected child of genius had been freed from the pangs of hunger and cold, the mayor of London raised to his memory a monument in Westminster Abbey. Such are a few of the circumstances checkering the miserable career of the most brilliant comic genius England ever produced.

"When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, resolved to clay and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

John Dryden who, we are told by such competent judges as Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and Edmund Burke, contributed more than any previous writer to improve the poetical diction of his native tongue, died in a garret. He had some happy days of success, and at one time was poet laureate, with a salary of two hundred pounds, which, in those times, was considered munificent. His marriage to the Lady Elizabeth Howard added neither to his wealth nor his happiness, and we find him frequently bringing his satirical pen to bear upon matrimony. What with his unlovely wife, with her weak intellect and violent temper, her proud relations and his lowly ones, and poverty constantly goading him on to renewed exertions, no coal-heaver need have envied him. The revolution of 1688 deprived Dryden of the office of poet laureate, and, though he continued to write better and better poetry, his imagination being brighter and more brilliant as he reached the close of his life, like the mighty river that increases

in power and volume as it approaches the vast ocean which will finally engulf it, he grew poorer and poorer, till death found and released him. As usual, after starving the poet, a subscription was taken up for a public funeral, and his remains, after lying in state for twelve days, were buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

I have somewhere seen a beautiful thought, which compares the bird of paradise, the most exquisite of the feathered tribe, to the fancy of the poet, the most brilliant gift of God to man. As the gale drifts behind the gorgeous plumage, exposing all its wondrous beauty as it shoots along in the very face of a contrary wind, so the tempests of life act upon the imagination of the poor author, and serve only to make him put forth every power, and thus exert a vigor and grace which no pampered or indolent imagination could ever have produced. This was the case with Johnson and Thomson, whose indolence nothing but hunger could ever have overcome; and with Goldsmith and Steele, whose love of pleasure and wandering only the sternest necessity could have vanquished. But upon some the storms beat too severely, and, after ineffectual struggles, they sank under the violence of the tempest. Such was Thomas Otway, a brilliant name, but one associated with a melancholy history. Far outshining his contemporary, Dryden, he sounded the notes of tragedy and distress with a hand which, Sir Walter tells us, in his opinion, rivaled Shakespeare's; and Goldsmith used to assert that, of all tragedies, "Venice Preserved" came nearest in excellence to the great master's. It was written in a garret, its author deprived of every comfort save that which his pen afforded him. His life, checkered by want and extravagance, was closed at the early age of thirty-four. It is said that, hunted by his creditors, he lay concealed in a house on Tower Hill. Here, after enduring hunger till its gnawing had become unbearable, he rushed forth almost naked, his clothes having been long

since pawned, and, finding a gentleman in a neighboring coffee-house, begged of him a shilling. Dashing away, he purchased a roll, and, in his mad haste, choked to death upon the first mouthful.

Addison, like Dryden, "married discord with a noble wife." His name, however, does not rightly belong in these annals, for though he wrote the poem on the victory of Blenheim in a garret, it was the key to his success; and his progress after that was so rapid, that he can hardly be considered to belong to this "noble army of martyrs."

Nor can Pope properly be connected with these melancholy numbers; for Pope, when only twenty-three, was at the pinnacle of popularity, and was removed beyond all necessity by his "Homer," which occupied twelve years of his time in writing, begun when its author was only twenty-five. Pope made, by his translation, over five thousand pounds, and was thus forever freed from that adulation to the aristocracy which was, previous to his time, so universal and so degrading. In reference to his emancipation, he triumphantly exclaims:

"And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive."

He ordered the following lines, still to be seen in the old church at Twickenham, to be engraved upon his tombstone:

"FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Heroes and kings your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep;
Who never flattered folks like you;
Let Horace blush and Virgil too."

Is there any one who has not heard the sad, sad story of Chatterton, "the marvelous boy, who perished in his pride?" Let us imagine him, his father dead, his mother poor, with his silent, reserved manner, gloomy even at times, at times bursting into floods of sudden tears, now wandering in the beautiful church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, where he professed to discover the old iron-bound chest of William Canyuge, and from whence he drew the poems of Thomas Rowley; or now begging a painter to draw him an angel

with wings and a trumpet to sound his name over the world; now crying, with Cowley, "What shall I do to be forever known!" At the age of sixteen, a mere slender stripling, but with a heart leaping with pride and ambition, he set out for London—with not a friend in the great cruel city, his only capital his pen, and a few pounds borrowed at the rate of a guinea apiece from two or three humble friends—to introduce the poems of Thomas Rowley. We all remember his choice of Walpole as the patron to whom he should send his wonderful discovery, and let us read part of the letter the intellectual Horace, perfectly deceived, sends him upon their reception. He thinks himself "singularly obliged," he gives "a thousand thanks," "what you have sent is valuable and full of information," "the verses are wonderful for their harmony and spirit." He also offers to have these verses printed, if they have never been offered to the public, and concludes in these words, "I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir, but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will give me leave to consult you," etc. This was all, of course, before Gray or Mason, who finally saw the manuscripts, had pronounced them forgeries; and no one of the literary celebrities of that day had the discernment to perceive their beauties, when the discovery as to their authorship was made. And poor Chatterton! When it was known that he, a poor boy of sixteen, without money or protectors, was the writer of these glowing verses, full of power, poetic freedom, and intellectual riches, all with one accord turned against him. He was denounced in savage terms as a base thief, a miserable counterfeiter, a damnable impostor. What a wreck was here of all his bright visions, his vaulting hopes of fame and fortune! Still, he persevered, and in the midst of obloquy, contempt, and grinding poverty, he poured forth from his

miserable garret in Shoreditch, through the newspapers, brilliant letters of bitterest satire, sparing not even the king himself. Ah! why did not the gentle, generous Goldsmith, or rough, dogmatic but kind-hearted old Johnson, discover the heart and genius thus cruelly trampled upon? Alas, as far as any help from any literary man was concerned, London might as well have been a vast and trackless ocean. From the first, "the marvelous boy" appears to have been in a state of starvation, wandering from one wretched part of London to another, as hunger pursues him steadily, inexorably, day by day, each hour staring him more fearfully in the face; and thus the grandest genius living marches on to despair and suicide, and not one person lifts a finger to give him help, or to keep him from that last fearful step. After days of starvation, in a wretched garret in Brook Street, this youth, already one of England's greatest poets, though barely seventeen, stung to the quick by the utter neglect of the literary world, too proud to beg his bread from those who were too bigoted to perceive that he had more than earned it, put an end to his existence by poison. He was buried in a pauper's grave, denied even the poor recompense of a tomb; for houses cover the spot where his bones were laid, and none but the God whom, in his despair, he cursed, knows their whereabouts. In the words of Howitt, nothing in the annals of literature resembles the history of this boy-poet; he stands alone. Never did any other youth of the same years, even under the most favorable circumstances, produce works of the same high order; and never was a child of genius treated by his country with such unfeeling contempt, such iron, unrelenting harshness of neglect. Alas,

"Black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
O'er the earth, in which he moved alone."

MARIA P. WOODBRIDGE.

TRANSLATED.

BEFORE the glowing grate,
Serenely fair, and rocking to and fro,
Dear grandma sits, a very queen in state,
Her sweet face prisoned in a cap of snow,—
A rare Madonna face
Of purest grace.

A heart at perfect rest,
And free from every form and stain of sin;
The kerchief folded on her quiet breast
Not whiter than the spotless soul within.
A life of inner peace,
Which does not cease.

Well may the folded hands,
All brown and wrinkled with the toil of years,
Lie still and rest, as one by one the sands
Of life run out, while eyes devoid of tears,
And grown so strangely dim,
Look up to Him.

The years have gone their way,
And wrecks have strewn her path on every
side;
Since, fresh and fair, she stood one Sum-
mer day,
Beneath the holly boughs, a comely bride,
With roses in her hair,
So sweet and rare.

Now at the sunset gates,
Where falls a halo on her silver hair,
Life's weary journey done, she calmly waits

In that sweet trust which has its birth in
prayer;
And blessings fall in showers
In these still hours.

How quiet in the street!
And all within the house grows strangely still,
For one dear soul, with newly sandaled feet,
Is watching Jordan narrowed to a rill.
Elijah's steeds once more
Are at the door.

O, grandma, pure in heart!
Translated when thy sun was sinking low,
May thy sweet life to other lives impart
The strength in thy firm steps to seek to go;
And may our prayer still be,
To die like thee!

The night is growing late,
And grandma sits serenely in her chair;
No more to rock before the glowing grate,
Or know another burden or a care.
God saw that it was best,
And gave her rest.

Rest on in quiet now;
The world has known few spirits half so
sweet.
I'll stoop once more to kiss the marble brow,
Now fairer, since her joy is made complete.
So let the pilgrim sleep,
No more to weep.

J. J. MAXFIELD.

CLEARER VISION.

I THINK true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision, quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.
No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.
Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light,
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You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.
I see the feet that fain would climb;
You, but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul, unharmed, sublime;
You, but the garment and the clay.
Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
Till on mine eyes, with touches sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
And lo! I worship at his feet!

MODERN EGYPT.

THE thick veil that so long hung over ancient and mediæval Egypt is at last thoroughly broken, and that land of wonders is now hastening to step forth into the light. For many centuries it is known in history as the land of the Pharaohs under the rule of the Ptolemies; and thus it remained during a long period, by their misrule rather than their rule, a sealed land to other nations. The first Napoleon did better than he knew when, in obedience to his rising ambition, he carried his army into the plains of Egypt, and invaded the sacred valley of the Nile. He broke the magic wand of a dynasty that had long held the Egyptian people in the grossest bondage, and regarded them as created only for their purposes, and belonging to them. He was the selfish instrument used by Providence to liberate a people for his own purposes, and was foiled in his design, to their good.

The French invasion opened the eyes of the Egyptians to their own degradation, and inferiority to European nations; and when the army of France withdrew in disgrace, and its leader fled furtively back to Paris, a great man arose among these benighted people, who was destined to found a dynasty that would bring them forth into new life. This man for the period was Mehemet Ali, who soon proved to be a great man, and one of the wisest and most vigorous rulers of the period. He arose almost as a miracle in the surrounding darkness and ignorance, and soon proved himself to be a general and a statesman by intuition. He saw that the curse of Egypt had been its continually changing rulers, who were little more than Turkish satraps, sucking out its life-blood, each eager to get the largest draught. He realized the necessity of a ruling family whose fortunes would be identified with those of the country, and he had the courage and the strength to give reality to his plans. By

the force of his character, he compelled the Sultan to grant to him the hereditary rule of his own family, and this latter he then brought up with that intent.

The story of Mehemet Ali, and his struggles with opposition in endeavoring to introduce a new era, we must forego, with a view of treating more closely of the Egypt of to-day under the rule of his grandson, who is now rapidly gaining a valid claim to be considered the great reformer of Egypt. Ibrahim Pasha, father of the present Khedive, and son of Mehemet, lived but a short time after his accession to the throne, and Said Pasha succeeded him, as his oldest son; and on his death, in 1863, the present monarch ascended the throne, and he is considered by far the most worthy and intelligent of the followers of the founder of the house. Both Ibrahim and Said Pasha were inclined to carry out the intentions of their great predecessor; but the present ruler has so far exceeded them in his movements of reform that we shall confine ourselves mainly to his career. His education, though much superior to that of Oriental princes in general, was, nevertheless, for one destined to the throne, much neglected in his youth.

The power gained by the French in Egypt, added to the ease of intercourse of the two nations by sea, caused nearly all the Egyptian princes to be brought up with French masters. The romantic history of the French army in Egypt drew thither, on the return of peace, many of the *savants* and poets of France; and their influence and that of their writings naturally drew to them the eyes of the Egyptians, more than to any other nation. This sympathy was for many years so great that French influence was predominant until the year 1870, when the French were so humiliated by the Germans. Ismail Pasha, therefore, received a French education, for which

purpose he remained some time in France, and naturally acquired an exaggerated appreciation of the only country he knew outside of his own. To his credit be it said that, of late years, he has largely broken away from it, and now has around him, in nearly all the departments of his new national life, Germans or Swiss.

But even in his youth he took as active a part as he dared in political matters, and was always on the side of progress and Christian civilization, in harmony with the European powers. Under the short reign of his brother Said, during which time he was heir presumptive, he had several opportunities to try his hand at governing, especially two years before he ascended the throne, when the ruling monarch confided to him the reins of government, during a visit to Europe. When he took the helm of State in hand on his own responsibility, he came forth with a regular public address to his subjects, in which he announced his intentions to introduce the European form of constitutional government and a legislative body. He promised a reduction of the taxes, and the consent of the Parliament to impose them, as well as liberty of the press, abolition of the feudal system with the Egyptian pariahs, and, as far as possible, the abolition of the slave-trade, so long the curse of the country. Again, he proposed that the income of the monarch should be under some control, as well as that of his household and the princes; so that these should not be permitted to put their hands into the treasury when they pleased. And again, he called attention to the low state of the educational system throughout the land, and promised great amelioration in this respect.

This was a great leap into the dark of a man with the best of intentions without a knowledge of the difficulty of carrying all these out in a land two thousand years behind the age. This was no easy task, and, in some instances, an impossible one; so that Ismail Pasha has not always succeeded as fast as he would like in

causing his people to approach the civilization of Europe. The Mohammedan faith itself is a fearful barrier to such progress, to say nothing of the ingrained traditions of the nation in some of the most repugnant systems, especially that of slavery. It was quite common, therefore, in foreign writers on Egypt, to find insinuations that he was not sincere in his presentations, because it was not possible for him immediately to carry out the reforms which he proposed. From time immemorial matters in Egypt have moved slowly; the country has not the least conception of haste, and it is consequently hardly right to judge it by our standard. But after many discouraging circumstances and a great many mistakes, the Khedive can look back at numerous reforms introduced, which, a few years ago, would have seemed incredible.

When he came into power, he found the great Suez Canal just begun, but still laboring under great embarrassments. The French had commenced the work, under the engineer Lesseps, but the English were always opposed to it, because they felt that it might help the growth of French influence, not only in Egypt, but perchance in the distant East. From the first moment, the Khedive came forward with men and means; and, without his sympathy and material aid, it could not have been built; for the English would gladly have heralded its failure. Indeed, they did this, systematically, as it was, until its success was so decided that it were folly to deny it. It was then believed that the tolls would never pay the expenses; but these were nearly five millions of dollars last year, and these figures insure the stability of the enterprise. The great canal has opened up a direct way to India for the missionary of the cross, as well as the messenger for commerce or diplomacy; and, despite the expense of keeping the channel in navigable order, this will now be done, even should the nations of the world find it necessary to do so.

And again, it may be truly said that Ismail Pasha has made the great effort

of his reign the abolition of slavery. And it will be understood that this is no slight undertaking in a land where slavery has been tolerated as long as history tells a story. The heathen, the Christians, and the Moslems in Egypt have considered this system as one of the natural and necessary concomitants of social organization, and have not only tolerated but also favored it; for the slaves, among the latter at least, were considered as servants, and sometimes as members of the family and household. It has been hard for the Christian world to believe in the sincerity of the Khedive's intentions in this matter, largely because of the duplicity of his subordinates. He may desire the abolition of slavery as much as he will; if his officials are not in sympathy with him, it is no easy matter to carry out such measures successfully. But he has spent immense sums of money, and made great endeavors to effect the abolition of this evil.

The great expedition of Sir Samuel Baker into the interior of Africa was undertaken, at least by Baker, more with the intention of breaking up the slave-trade than of acquiring territory, although the Khedive has been accused of having the latter aim alone, and feeling that Baker was too zealous. But the proof that this is an error is the fact that subsequent expeditions, in which Baker has had no part, are quite as zealous in rooting out this evil as were the former ones. Those who desire to attribute a selfish motive to the expeditions of the Khedive may find it in the fact that he has learned that his land will be more valuable, even to his treasury, without slavery than with it; for this cursed system hangs like a pall over every region where it is practiced, and makes it practically useless for any other enterprise. He has not yet succeeded in totally preventing the slave-trade, nor the holding of slaves in Egypt proper; but this has been no fault of his nor of Baker. Circumstances are sometimes, too, superior to him, and he can only by degrees realize his wishes, or set bounds to a system which thousands of

years have implanted in the breasts of the people. Slavery is officially prohibited in all Egypt, and every expedition that goes out receives orders to regard and treat it so. This is attested by all the members of the Libyan Expedition, which was out all last Winter. And those under American officers, who were engaged in the early Spring, in entering Soudan, as well as those who are now about to start on another up the Nile, receive the same orders regarding the suppression of the slave-trade.

And in the same spirit, servile labor is no longer exacted. Until quite recently, the Egyptian Government demanded from the people a large amount of unpaid labor, so that men and beasts were at the disposal of the government officers the greater part of the time. They were therefore worse off than slaves in some instances, for they were obliged to take care of themselves, and labor for nothing. In the earlier government enterprises, the officials simply demanded what they wanted; and, if men and animals were not forthcoming, the former were flogged and the latter stolen. But now, the camels that are required for the expeditions are hired of their owners, after long and tedious bargainings about the priece; or, if it be necessary for the authorities to seize beasts in a case of emergency, their labor is paid for at fixed rates. And enforced labor, in this sense, is sometimes required in the execution of great undertakings, like the Suez Canal, because of the indolence of the people, who are not inclined to work even when paid for it.

In some matters, it is thought that the good intent of the Khedive, in endeavoring to bring his country into the condition of civilization, rather outstrips his judgment. In adopting a constitutional form of government for his nation, he thought it wise also to introduce a parliament, without taking into consideration the crudeness of the people, and their manifest incapacity to govern themselves. A little study as to the nature of the case would have convinced him that a nation needs to pass through some degrees of

development, and especially needs a certain measure of popular education, before it becomes of age in this respect. Then to ask it to rule itself before it is free from the leading strings is to ask too much; and if the parliament was ever expected to be more than a collection of prominent individuals from the various sections of the country, for consultation with the sovereign regarding local interests, it was overestimated in its importance. As a parliament, this body has done some queer things, that have caused no little amusement to the foreigners in Egypt; but it has done no harm, because its deliberations are asked, and not its votes; and the ruler wisely uses it as a means of keeping up a popular connection between the throne and the nation, and gives to the latter the appearance of self-government, which causes it to take more interest in the general development of local resources.

The very best thing done by the Khedive, during his entire career so far, is the revolution that he has introduced in the condition of women in the East, beginning with his own family. His long residence in France gave him a worthier conception of the true place of woman in society than he could ever have acquired in his own country; and, though no special laws have been passed in this regard, he has done, by setting the example, far more than mere law could do. The greatest curse that the Mohammedan faith imposes on its followers is the subordinate and slavish position awarded to women, in addition to the system of polygamy; and the nations controlled by this belief can never rise to the best attainments of modern civilization until this evil and injustice be discarded; for it is a crime against the State as well as against the family. The Khedive himself, according to the traditional custom, has four wives, and mainly, perhaps, because he became thus united to them before his eyes were fairly opened to the abuse. But he has settled one evil result of this polygamous union, by declaring that the first one only is his legally con-

stituted wife, in regard to heirship of his throne, and he has designated his eldest son as his legitimate and legal successor; and this choice has been ratified by the Turkish Sultan, not without a good deal of conflict, and, it is rumored, a good deal of money. The Khedive has, in this way, settled the course of his dynasty, and prevented many contentions and cruel murders in the royal family.

But he has taught his children wiser things, for none of them have more than one wife; and his daughters, the princesses, before marrying, make a distinct bargain that their husbands must be satisfied with one wife; and such contracts are of course all made with the knowledge and consent of their father. This idea of women having any thing to say or demand in regard to their marriage is a new and useful feature in a land where the habit has been to give them away to a suitor to be his slaves rather than his wives. And this state of things has been brought about among the women only by a course of education in European, and we may say Christian, customs. The daughters of Ismail Pasha are ladies of culture and intelligence, as are many of the princely ladies of the land in sympathy with them. A great many female teachers and nurses have been brought from France and England, who form a part of the household of the Khedive, and take the care of his children in all stages of their growth. And these are the very best that can be had for money; of which the father is very lavish for this purpose. The result is, that the Egyptian princesses are educated as European ladies, and adopt their manners. Indeed, they carry this to an excess in some matters, especially in patronizing the French opera and ballet. The Khedive has had the misfortune to commence some of his reforms with the vices rather than the virtues of European society, and, among other things, he has thought it necessary to engage a French operatic troupe for his capital, at a great expense. The thing is, of course, an anomaly and anachronism,

and has imposed an immense burden of debt on the treasury of the monarch. But it at least helped him to bring out the ladies of his court, and especially his own family, who appeared in the private and royal box on nearly every occasion, not so much, it is thought, because they really enjoyed some of the scenes placed before them, as with a view to lend the support of their presence to an enterprise that was thought to be a necessity to the new life. The aspirations of the princesses on these occasions was to appear in the costume of European ladies; but it was a dreadful task to pile on chignon, bustle, and other enormities of our ridiculous fashions, to which they were not accustomed; and the result was, that they did the thing about half, commingling the Oriental with the Occidental in such style and measure as to present a make-up irresistibly ludicrous to the prying and critical eyes of the European ladies who happened to be present at these representations.

But this evil has, in some measure, cured itself. Ismail is tired of the folly, exactions, and expense of these imported French singers and dancers; most of them have gone home, while his daughters have been permitted, in private, to assume a more modest and convenient style of dress. And the money that the Khedive is saving in this way he is applying to the more noble purpose of popular education for the female as well as the male sex. Mehemet Ali, as well as his successors, recognized the necessity of having schools as the first measure of reform. But, instead of beginning at the foot of the ladder, they commenced at the top, by establishing academies and higher schools, mainly for the education of officers and physicians. We can well imagine how these gentlemen would come out with no elementary training. The Khedive was wise enough to perceive, in the necessities of his own family, those of the nation, and to comprehend the true state of the case, in the absolute need of elementary training schools for all classes. He, therefore,

wisely concluded that it were better to turn the matter around and begin at the bottom of the ladder.

To do this effectively, he needed foreign help; and for this he wisely passed by the French, and went to a nation distinguished for its teachers; namely, the Swiss. In addition to the fact that the Swiss nearly all understand French and German equally well, as both languages are legal in the country, they are a race of pedagogues. Thousands of teachers, who popularly pass for French or German in all parts of the world, are in reality Swiss, who gain their positions from the fact of their being able to teach these two very different idioms. The French had been so long in use in all departments of modern civilization in Egypt, that it was not easy to ignore it, while it was desirable and profitable thus to commence the introduction of the German, which is now acquiring great influence there. A Swiss gentleman, by the name of Dohr, filled the requirements of the case, and was made director of education throughout Egypt, and has virtually introduced a new era into this work. He first established elementary schools for boys, in which he introduced the usual branches taught in such schools in all Christian countries. Hitherto, the programme for the boys had been the committal to memory of few or many verses of the Koran, and perhaps the four fundamental rules of arithmetic; and this was about the sum and substance of the education received by Egyptian youth. Now they are required and taught to learn reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history; and such elementary schools for boys are being introduced into all the cultivated parts of Egypt.

Director Dohr now went a step further, and also established common schools for girls, with the view of giving tangible expression to the idea that woman is called to do something else than simply to serve as a slave; and that she has the same soul and capacities for development as man. This measure met with much opposition. It was thought a great

innovation to introduce, as has been done to some extent, schools for the higher education of the girls of the better classes; but the idea of educating the girls of the masses was, by many, voted to be preposterous. It is needless to say that the Khedive and his educational commissioner have had to struggle with great difficulties here. It was necessary to root out old prejudices, religious fanaticism, and a general disinclination on the part of parents to send their daughters to school. They were in no wise able to estimate the advantage of school training, and therefore every-where raised up obstacles that were to be moved away with absolute force. But in this measure the Khedive is supported by excellent men, and his vigorous and determined beginning in this matter must insure lasting good to the country.

In the higher fields of intelligence and culture, the Khedive is now calling to his aid some of the first German scholars and African explorers. He has intrusted Schweinfurth, the celebrated German traveler in Central Africa, with the task of forming a Geographical Society for Egypt, whose special duty shall be the study of the physical geography of the country, with a view to guide and counsel the active explorers, and apply all the resources of science for the development of the unknown interior. Dr. Nachtigall, who has made himself so famous by his expedition, on behalf of the German Emperor, to the Sultan of Soudan, across the desert of Sahara, has also entered the service of the Khedive, who offers such brilliant fields of exploration, and such generous support to these men, that the Germans are unable to keep them at home. Another explorer of exalted fame,—Gerhard Rohlfs,—was engaged last Winter in the investigation, at the cost of the Khedive, and sustained by his troops and officials, in the exploration of the famous Libyan Desert. Rohlfs knows the Khedive well, and sustains him heartily, as a most earnest man, desirous of doing his best to regenerate

his country, notwithstanding his many mistakes, for which Rohlfs thinks that he is taken too severely to task. This distinguished German, to whom we are indebted for most of these facts, evidently regards the Khedive as the first man of the age in the Orient, and would hasten his relief from a sort of vassalage to the Sultan of Turkey, who still claims the right to a higher control of Egypt, but is generally satisfied with a money tribute, annually, to help him in paying the cost of running his expensive government in Constantinople.

The Khedive has also taken into his employ quite a number of American army officers, mostly of the Southern States and the Confederate service, whom he has placed in charge of military and geographical expeditions into the interior. Profiting by the experience of Sir Samuel Baker, and other explorers, they have penetrated into the interior with great rapidity and success, and are carrying to the Upper Nile the rule of the Khedive, among those whom Baker could not subjugate. Colonel Long has in this way completed a famous work, if all his reports may be relied on, for they seem almost fabulous.

Colonel Purdy, another American officer, has been very successful in an expedition to the interior of Darfur, by way of the Upper Nile. The main object of the exploration was to find a military and commercial pathway to the interior of this distant province; but it ended, as all such will, in the complete subjugation of the province to Egyptian rule; for the Khedive is evidently intent on building up, for his country and his dynasty, a great Egyptian empire, that shall swallow up a large portion of Eastern and Central Africa. In doing this, he will need, in many instances, to resort to harsh and tyrannical measures; but he is certainly carrying civilization into Africa at an astonishing rate, and is letting his army fight slavery as the greatest curse of all the country.

WILLIAM WELLS.

HYMNODY.

PLATO said, in the days of Malachi, "There is no more efficacious way of instructing youth than by odes and songs; but this should be the work of a god or of a divine man." The Hebrew Psalms fill up Plato's ideal,—divine words spoken by divine men for God's glory and man's edification. The Psalms are living; they project their life into our life, and mingle the sighs and plaints and joys of four thousand years ago with the sorrows and gladness of to-day. Hebrew history and prophecy crystallized into eternal immobility or passed into oblivion with the extinction of the Jewish commonwealth; but Hebrew song became the heritage of nations and ages, the property of all time, the joy of all peoples. Nothing fits humanity like the Hebrew Psalms. They have their appropriate place in Christian liturgies, and should be chanted, read, or sung, in addition to the usual Scripture lesson, in every Sunday morning service. Versions of the Psalms were among the earliest and commonest translations of the Scriptures into the language of the common people. They were rendered into Saxon in the eighth century. The European reformers turned them into verse in the vulgar tongues, and set them to tunes for use in the services of the sanctuary. The disciples of Wyclif, in the fourteenth century, and the followers of Huss and Jerome, in the fifteenth, were great Psalm-singers.

Luther and his coadjutors versified and set them to music. Clement Marot, a courtier, and Theodore Beza, a Greek professor, made a version in French, which was used by Calvin and the Geneva Church. Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, versified the Psalms in Edward VI's time. Thomas Sternhold, groom of the robes to Henry VIII, contributed fifty, John Hopkins, a schoolmaster, fifty more, and a third hand supplied the other fifty, to the British Prayer-book; and this rude literal version was used from

the middle of the sixteenth century, till supplanted by that of Tate and Brady, in 1666, the version now in use in Episcopal services on both sides of the ocean. In 1719, Dr. Isaac Watts published his "Psalms of David, imitated in the language of the New Testament, and applied to Christian state and worship," thus literalizing the United Presbyterian ideal of the Psalms, which are to be looked at through "New Testament glasses," the New Testament being a mere "commentary on the book of Psalms," the writers of which recorded the "outer life of Christ, while David records his soul-life." Strange to say, these Judaizers reject Watts's version, and aim to reject all man-made hymns in worship. Dr. Ritchie gives three views in his Life of Crothers, as exhaustive of this one-sided controversy. First, there are those who aver that, in the exercise of our Christian liberty, we have a right to use songs of human composition, and that such songs, founded on the New Testament, are *preferable* to the Hebrew Psalms. Secondly, others aver that the Psalms *alone* are to be sung in the Church to the end of time. A third position is, that, while the Psalms are valuable, and should be constantly read or chanted in the Churches, it is no disrespect to them, or violation of the command of God, to use other hymns alongside of them. There is no directory for worship in the New Testament. There are no slavish quotations of the Psalms or other Scriptures, but, rather, liberal adaptations of the Old Testament word by speakers and writers in the New. Fragments of hymns, and themes for holy song, are scattered all through the New Testament, from the song of the angels who heralded Christ to the hallelujahs of the angels in the book of Revelation. Poetic recitation is included in the miraculous gifts to the Corinthian Church: "Every one of you hath a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an

interpretation." If the doctrine, the tongue, the revelation, and interpretation were extempore, why not the psalm also? No man can show to the contrary. The Ephesians and Colossians were exhorted to "let the word of Christ [not the word of Moses, Asaph, and David] dwell in them richly in all wisdom," and to be "filled with the Spirit;" "speaking to yourselves," "teaching and admonishing one another," with all sorts of poetic composition, "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," with the wide liberty characteristic of the Christian dispensation.

Advocates for the exclusive use of the Psalms say that the heathen converts could not have composed Christian hymns, and the Jewish converts would not. Rénan is nearer right when he says "the hymns of young Christianity proceeded from every one, and were not written." Outside of the original Hebrew, which has been for two thousand years dead, all versions and paraphrases of the Psalms are man-made and uninspired. If Jehovah regards the verbiage of the Psalms, it is better to praise him in good Hebrew than in bad English. The objection that hymns are used to propagate heresy lies with equal force against all parts of the Bible, since no heresy exists that does not rely on Scripture for its proofs. It is objected that hymn-books are sectarian, and one facetious writer says if an Ecumenical Council of Protestants were to assemble to prepare a common hymn-book, it would take them five years, and the result of their labors would be a volume as big as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, so that a lady would require a wheelbarrow to take her hymn-book to Church! The New Testament says nothing against hymns, nothing in favor of the exclusive use of Psalms, and contains not only specimen hymns, but the models of hymns, the seeds and seed-thoughts of hymns, as well as of prayers for the use of the Church in all ages. In ecclesiastical history we get glimpses of hymn-singing by those who remembered the apostles.

In the year 107, less than forty-five years after Paul wrote to the Ephesians and Colossians, Pliny wrote his celebrated letter to Trajan about the Christians, and characterized them, not by their preaching and praying, but as those who arose with the sun "and sang a hymn to Christ as to a god."

Philo, as quoted by Eusebius, says of the Therapeutæ, "They not only pass their time in meditation, but compose songs and hymns unto God." Again, Eusebius says, "Whatever psalms and hymns were written by the brethren, from the beginning, celebrate Christ the Word of God, by asserting his divinity." Paul of Samosata "stopped the psalms that were sung in honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the late compositions of modern men, but; in honor of himself, he had prepared women to sing at the great festival in the midst of the Church, which one might shudder to hear!" The fact that Bardesenes used hymns to propagate heresy is presumptive evidence that hymns were used in his time as vehicles of the truth. Latin hymns have come down to us from the fourth century. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, in 353, made a collection of songs, mentioned by Jerome, now lost. He is also named by the Council of Toledo as one, who, in conjunction with Ambrose, had composed songs for the Church in praise of God and to the honor of the apostles and martyrs. It is vain to say that this was a papist innovation, for Hilary was a simple local bishop, and antedated Popery by centuries. Ambrose (340 to 397) first introduced into the Western Church a practice common enough among the Jews in David's time,—the responsive chanting of psalms and hymns. "Doctrinal hymns resounded through the city" (Milan). The celebrated *Te Deum Laudamus* is ascribed to him, but the authorship of this splendid composition, like that of many of the finest productions of human genius, can not be traced absolutely. The Middle Ages have sent us many fine Latin hymns, the sublimest of which is the untranslatable *Dies Irae*. A

hundred have tried their hand at it, without success. Walter Scott's stands in our hymn-book :

"The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away."

Dr. Strong's may be found in the REPOSITORY for January, 1873. This "acknowledged masterpiece" of mediæval verse is, in the Roman Church, the mass for the dead, and forms the theme for Mozart's requiem. Another beautiful hymn dates from the thirteenth century, the famous *Stabat Mater*. It is regarded by Protestants as pure Mariolatry. The Lutheran Reformation brought a fresh impetus to holy song. The hymn-book has been to the Germans what the prayer-book is to the British, a national liturgy. The hymnody of Germany is the richest in the world. The singing was monopolized by priests, after priestly power became absorbing and dominant in Europe. The Reformation restored the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and the songs of the sanctuary to the common people. It took a century for the Reformation to permeate the English masses. Saving a few accidental hymn-writers, all the poets of the modern sanctuary date from this side of Shakespeare and "Queen Bess." Of the hymnists in our hymn-book, not more than half a dozen were born in the seventeenth century; and only one began and ended his life within that century,—Dr. Henry More (1619-1687), who wrote hymn 202 of the Methodist collection:

"On all the earth thy spirit shower;
The earth in righteousness renew."

Bishop Ken (1637-1710), at the age of sixty, published three hymns, "Morning," "Evening," and "Midnight." We still sing the daylight odes, and the other might be made to do duty on watch-night occasions :

"Awake my soul, and with the sun." (597.)
"Glory to thee, my God, this night." (607.)

His doxology,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," is thought to have been repeated more times than any other piece of English composition except the Lord's Prayer.

It is an epitome of the 148th Psalm; is, indeed, the 148th Psalm condensed into a four-line Christian doxology,

"Praise the Lord from the heavens,—
Praise him in the heights;
Praise him, all ye his angels;
Praise him, all ye his hosts," etc.

In the same century with Ken and Addison was born Isaac Watts (1674), the "inventor of modern English hymnody." The psalm-singing in the Independent Church, of which Watts's father was deacon, must have been a dreary humdrum. He complained that the old hymns were sad affairs; they grated on his poetic ear like the filing of a saw. "Give us something better," was the reply; and the next Sunday the congregation was invited to close its services with the first hymn Isaac Watts ever wrote, about 1692, when he was eighteen years of age. It is familiar to Calvinistic congregations, but is not in our hymn-book. It is founded on the fifth chapter of Revelation, and alludes to the "new song," "the elders," "harps," "vials full of odors," "the prayers of the saints," "the Lamb," and "redemption in his blood." The first verse runs thus:

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown."

Most, if not all, of Watts's hymns were written in his youth, and first published in 1707. Cunningham says, "a first edition of his hymns is rarer than a first edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' of which only one copy is known." Chalmers's "British Biography," 1817, said, "in popularity his psalms and hymns far exceeded all publications of the last century," the sales averaging over 50,000 copies per annum. Watts has been severely criticised. This shows that he is regarded as worth criticising. The highest expression of contempt for a production is to say that it is "beneath criticism." Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," says of Watts: "His poems are by no means his best works." "He stood not in the first class of genius." "I

can't praise his poetry, but I can praise his design." "He never wrote but for a good purpose." A writer in Knight's "Cyclopædia" says, "Poet he can scarcely be called." "Smooth, nervous, judicious, touching, eloquent, he was the classic of the people." Doddrige says, "His style is harmonious, florid, poetical, and pathetic, yet too diffuse, too much loaded with epithets." Dr. Drake, a critic who wrote in 1814, says, "The style of all his works is perspicuous, correct, frequently elegant." Montgomery calls his "the greatest name among hymn-writers;" "the inventor of hymns in our language." Dr. Milner, Watts's biographer, says, "Charles Wesley approaches nearest to him, but must yield the palm for originality, catholicity, and versatility of genius." In Sermon cxxi (1789) Wesley criticises Watts's hymns as containing "coarse" and "amorous" expressions. He says, in his own translations from the Moravian hymns he took care to avoid all "fondling expressions," especially the word "dear," which he "never uses in verse or prose, in praying or preaching." In deference to this opinion of Wesley, who questions whether some may not think him "over-scrupulous," the epithet "dear" is not often found in our hymn-book. John Newton's hymn (296), verse third, reads,

"Dear name, the rock on which I build."

In hymn 813 we find,

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend."

In hymn 797, Watts, verse 5, our revisers have substituted "my" for "dear," and read,

"My Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,"

making two lines commence with the same pronoun. "Blest Savior," would be better, and "dear Savior," as Watts wrote it, perfectly harmless. In that very sensuous hymn (907, Newton),

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,"
we have

"My Lord, if indeed I am thine,"

which is such an evident come-down from the rest of the hymn that the Christian world instinctively sings as Newton wrote, "Dear Lord." Watts's minor poems had prodigious celebrity and circulation. His cradle hymn,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,"

has rocked whole generations of babies to sleep; and his advice to youthful beligerents,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,"

has taken the tuck out of many juvenile fights, saved much surgery in black eyes and bloody noses, and humanized thousands. It is due to theologic affinities as much as to poetic talent that Watts is credited with half the hymnody of the United States. Over seventy of the best of his lyrics are in our hymn-book, some of which could be spared, and others from his pen substituted in their places. His version of the hundredth Psalm was finely emended by Wesley, who changed

"Nations attend before his throne,"
into

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

For Watts's original,

"He dies, the heavenly lover dies,
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings; deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground,"

Wesley substituted the fine lines

"He dies, the friend of sinners dies;
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

It is a curious inquiry what would have been the fate of Watts's hymns but for the Wesleyan revival of the last century. It is doubtful whether they would have found audience outside the walls of a few Dissenting meeting-houses. In 1738, the Wesleys returned from Georgia, and immediately organized in London a society for mutual religious edification, similar to those in Oxford before they left the country. Justified by a living faith in themselves, they at once sought to disseminate the new-found experience, and compiled and published an eight-penny (twenty-

cent) hymn-book, selected from various authors, chiefly from Dr. Watts, the first in that remarkable series of cheap publications, that went hand in hand with preaching, to regenerate the masses and evangelize the country. With the spread of the revival spread the hymns, and popular singing became as distinguished an agency in the reformation of men as the preaching; as the Methodist Sankey, with his spiritual songs, is a right arm of power to the revivalist Moody, at the present hour. Nearly fifty publications are enumerated, in Wesley's works, of a hymnic character, mostly in cheap form, issued during the century. The fecundity of Charles Wesley, as a hymn-writer, is wonderful. It has probably never been equaled in the history of the world. The wealth of Methodist hymnody is far greater than it can make any use of. The poems of the bard of Methodism were over six thousand, of which less than six hundred, and these ample for all ordinary purposes, have been shaped into ritual dimensions and form, for use in the sanctuary. The British Wesleyan hymn-book has five hundred and sixty, or, including the supplement, over six hundred of Charles Wesley's hymns; our hymn-book, five hundred and sixty-three, two-thirds of which are universally known and sung, and many of which it is impossible to use on account of their meter. John Wesley wrote hymns, his sisters, brother older, and father wrote hymns; and, in the wake of the Wesleyan reformation, shoals of hymn-writers have followed, till the Christian world is supplied with a body of English psalmody as rich and varied as that of the Jews in the times of David and Christ. Within the last twenty years half a dozen treatises, most of them worthless, have been written on "hymn-writers and their hymns." One of them, recently published in Philadelphia,—expensively gotten up, but carelessly edited, and mostly hotch-potch,—gives, at the end, a synopsis of hymn-writers, eight hundred and fourteen in number, some of whom we know to be mere twaddling rhymists, distrib-

uted as follows: Church of England, one hundred and ninety-seven; Lutherans, one hundred and thirty-eight; Unknown, eighty-nine; Baptist, eighty-three; Congregational, seventy-eight; Catholic, forty-eight; Presbyterian, forty-four; Methodist, thirty-four; Unitarian, twenty-eight; Reformed, twenty-five; Moravian, fifteen; Episcopal, fifteen; Scattering, twenty. In this catalogue the Wesleys are included in the Church of England, which, while it uses few hymns in its rituals, has by far the largest number of hymn-writers. Watts is classed with the Independents, which claim, besides him, but two other hymnists.

The revised edition of the Methodist hymn-book has now been in use twenty-eight years. One-third of its contents are practically dead, and might give way to later and more vital productions, or be expunged from the book altogether, to the manifest advantage of the volume in size, portableness, and expense. The hymn-book would follow more naturally the law of growth, if it were possible to get it,—like the Discipline,—once in four years, into the hands of a committee of tinkers. As this can not be, the book must be permanently encumbered with its "body of death," or it must, once in a generation, slough off, in a new edition, that which time and experiment have proved to be only spoiled prose, or a useless jumble of rhymes, epithets, and capitals. Only that which has in it the elements of vitality will survive. Lyric after lyric of the present compilation has been tried and found wanting. It is a pretty good test of popularity if, given, to individuals of average memory, the first line or first verse he can repeat the remainder. But popularity is not always the measure of solid worth. Only those lyrics are popular, in the true sense, that are sung universally, and sung forever. There is needed in hymn-writing something deeper than the poetic talent. The great poets of the race are not hymn-writers. If a name like Dryden, Pope, or Scott gets into a hymn-book, it is by accident. Not one in a thousand of the poetic fra-

ternity has the first touch of that spiritual experience, that deep religious sensibility, that spiritual magnetism, necessary to make a successful hymnist. It is impossible to *make* a hymn. It must come of itself glowing from the soul, an irrepressible spontaneity, the voice of experience the highest inspiration, not of a fabled muse but of the spirit of the living God; a wail of anguish, or a burst of joy that will go singing down the centuries, in verse ever so homely, moving all hearts and enlisting all sympathies, while polished numbers will die in the utterance, or raise only a sentiment of cold admiration by their crystalline beauty, or artistic finish and glitter. If Watts and Wesley were "no poets," in the literary sense of that term, they were what is better to the masses, religious hymnists, who have inspired the tongues and pens, and thrilled to glowing fervor the hearts, of many generations.

Most of the world's authors are speedily forgotten. The most favored are remembered for some one work that has rendered their fame enduring and their names immortal. Lucky is the bard who, out of a hundred efforts, strikes a single chord that becomes a perpetual vibration. Wolfe will be remembered longer than Southey, with his lumbering epics, for his single monody, the "Burial of Sir John Moore."

Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" will survive the dramas of Addison and Byron. Perronet is immortalized by a single strain,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Robinson by,

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing."

Muhlenberg by,

"I would not live alway."

Charlotte Elliott by,

"Just as I am, without one plea."

Sarah F. Adams by,

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

Hart by,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."

Toplady by,

"Rock of Ages cleft for me."

Heber by his missionary hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Samuel Stennett by,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

Ray Palmer by,

"My faith looks up to thee."

Cennick's memory is adorned with two gems,

"Children of the heavenly King;"

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

Montgomery, a "second Cowper," wrote some good things, and our last revisers drew liberally upon his stores; but one-third to one-half of these selections might be profitably weeded out.

A considerable number of the hymns set down as "anonymous" might be turned out without being missed. Miss Anne Steele (1716-1778), good Baptist, is in the same category with the Moravian poet, a few good things, nothing particularly striking.

Addison (1672-1719) an accidental hymn-writer, Doddridge (1702-1751), Cowper (1731-1800), ("whose numbers were baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire,") each contributed gems, and each has hymns that we could spare and not miss them. Newton wrote several good hymns, and so did Hart, so did Fawcett (1739-1817).

Dr. Schaff attributes to Lyte (1793-1847) a hymn not in our book,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken."

A number of others might be named, some good, some indifferent.

Aside from accidental inspirations, the great hymn-writers of the past and present centuries can be counted upon the fingers. The body of any Church-hymnal must be made up from Watts and Wesley, Doddridge and Cowper, Beddoe and Montgomery, with selections from the best of the psalmodic versifiers. The Methodist Episcopal Church South, after the disruption of 1844, created for themselves a hymn-book arranged in three parts: Public Worship, Social Worship, Domestic Worship, with a well meditated classification of sub-divisions under each head. Our last revisers drafted over a

hundred composers; the Church South seemed to think it needful to the dignity of a hymnal to show a like imposing array of names, and enrolled about a hundred authors, many of whom, in both books, are what the theater men call "supes," with no more vitality than so many lay figures. In the Southern hymn-book Charles Wesley appears 540 times against 563 in ours; Watts 150 times against 75 in ours; Doddrige 62 in place of 24; Montgomery, whom our late revisers certainly overrated, exchanges 57 for 22; Anne Steele, who tends to oblivion, or rather to be remembered only for a few choice favorites, comes down from 29 in ours to 8 in the Southern revision. Heber and Hart are both on the decline. Both wrote good verses, but more that were poor. Both books, Northern and Southern, need expurgation of the poor verses of good poets, and the merciless excision of all the smaller fry. The cruellest thing done by the Southern publishers was to deny to Toplady the authorship of "Rock of Ages," and thus to remand that lovely lyric to the region of the "unknown" and conjectural, whence have sprung so many beautiful adornments of Church hymnody, from the magnificent *Te*

Deum Laudamus to the prisoner's hopeful wail:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When will my sorrows have an end
Thy joys when shall I see?"

and the choicest morceaux of verse ever put together for man's instruction in divine doxology. Great hymn-writers, genuine psalmists, are few. Only the best productions of the best writers are worth preserving. No more than a book can a hymn be kept afloat by the mere name of its author. If it is leaden it will sink, though written by Milton; if genuine it will soar, though penned in obscurity by some "consecrated cobbler." The Darwinian "survival of the fittest" is the law of hymnody. The undergrowth will die out in the shade of the majestic monarchs of the poetic forest, some of which will have life, size, and endurance like that of California's gigantic sequoias. It is the business of hymn-book makers and revisers to find out the "immortelles" of sacred verse, and wreath only those. In another article we may consider the hymn-book and its selections as modified and controlled by music and tunes.

EDITOR.

IN SOUND OF THE BELLS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR GROWN FOLKS.

THE Rev. St. John Makepeace sat alone in his study. It was a capacious room, the floor of which was covered with a carpet, glowing with the warm colors of tropical blossoms. Windows draped with heavy crimson damask, and richly wrought lace. A flood of light pouring through the tinted shades of the chandelier upon rare gems of art,—brackets holding gleaming white and heavy bronze statuary; oil-paintings of the heart of old forests, and the flash of falling water. An enormous black walnut book-case,

finely carved and closely filled, occupying one entire side. A stand of flowering plants in one corner. A wide satin sofa, from which the pillow, a cluster of calla-lilies on buff ground, had carelessly fallen. A marble-topped center-table filled with books and magazines; easy chairs and foot-stools, a smoking-set of gold and ebony on a little stand, and at his writing-desk, the occupant of the room, fresh sermon-paper before him, and, a great gold pen held carelessly in his fingers.

The Rev. St. John Makepeace was a good and popular man. His work was easy and agreeable, yielding him "an exceeding great reward." He had found life a pleasant and comfortable thing, and was on the best of terms with the whole world. No more serious trouble weighed upon him than the selection of his text for the coming Sunday. He was anxious that his Christmas sermon should be appropriate to the occasion, that his people might not be disappointed in their intellectual repast. He carefully turned the leaves of his well-worn pocket Bible, and read, "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted, is, God with us."

God with us! He wheeled his chair around that he might look on the pictured Christ, whose sad, earnest face gazed at him from the canvas as if it were alive. "Emmanuel,—God with us,—manifest in the flesh." He pondered the words, and his eyes strayed to the red coals in the grate, following the forks of flame as they shot up in long, weird, quivering spirals. The little marble clock ticked away the minutes. The red coals turned to ashes, and fell with a clattering noise. It grew late, and presently the heavy bells rang out upon the frosty air,—midnight!

The Rev. St. John Makepeace can not tell to this day whether he dreamed or not. When he came to himself, there were drops upon his forehead like those of the winter storm without. He is sure that he faced and felt it, led from his warm, luxurious room, into the bitter cold and raging wind, by a hand which bore the mark of a nail. Upon his very doorstep he stumbled and nearly fell.

"Please, sir, do n't hit me." The small voice was nearly drowned in the roar of the tempest. "It was warmer where the light came through the winder, and I did n't mean to be in nobody's way."

Shivering with cold and terror, he crouched in fear of blows, a little ragged child whom the world had cast out and forgotten,—remembered, however, and clasped in the loving arms of Him who

said, "Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

Down the wide street, with lights shining from the windows of happy homes, they silently passed,—the Christ and the child, while the man followed wonderingly. All doors were shut against them, and the solid black walnut panels gave back no echo to the Master's knock.

Down the wide street to one darker and narrower,—to another narrower and darker still, given over to that poverty and wretchedness which the world crowds out of sight, and to the evil deeds which seek to hide their foulness from the eyes of men.

Here a door stood ajar, and the scarred hand gently pushed it open. A woman,—a skeleton, rather, with hungry eyes and ghastly features; a hollow cough that tore and racked her, sewing rapidly by the light of a fast-dying candle. A babe moaning feebly upon her lap. Bare floor and walls, gray ashes on the hearth, a broken table, holding a broken saucer, an old knife, and the skin of a potato. She welcomed the Christ with a quick, glad smile that faded as she saw the man.

"I do not know him," she muttered, frowningly; "he has never been here before."

"He will not stay," was the answer. "Can you take the child?" and the little one he had carried in his arms was left where nothing could be given it but sheltering love and care.

Down into a black, foul cellar; air thick with smoke, poisoned with the fumes of strong drink, a haggard man, struggling with invisible horrors, cursing the devils that pursued him. The tortured wretch glared at them, and motioned them away.

"What have I to do with thee?"

But the hand which bore the print of the nail was laid soothingly upon the maddened temples, the evil spirit was cast out of him, and the sense of a better manhood found its way for the first time, into the darkened heart.

In the street again, to meet a figure fleeing from a life less merciful than

death. The wallowing river rolled just beyond. Only a few more paces, and the black water would forever bury the misery and sin which found no help or sympathy from man. But the Christ spoke low and tender words, scarce overheard by the man beside him, the desperate woman listening with bent head, and tears filling the eyes that had long ached for such relief. She, for whose soul no man had cared, turned back strengthened and comforted, because not hopelessly condemned.

Down the street to another. Through the wide vestibule of a hospital, wherein were gathered the suffering ones of earth. Long, quiet corridors, clean cots, and faithful attendants; the bruised body cared for, but heart and spirit left to struggle by itself. The man shrank back from the evidences of physical anguish; the Crucified could better understand and pity. The man had spoken often to souls, strong, happy, prosperous, and rejoicing in hope—he had no words for such as these, weak, distressed, wrecked, and hardly patient in tribulation.

From cot to cot, with few but cheery words, the Master passed, while the man followed as silently as before.

To some the divine message came for the first time, assuring them that the Father, who cares for all his children, had not forgotten them. Those to whom the Man of sorrows was no stranger kissed the hem of his garment as he passed, the pangs of human suffering softened by the sense of divine love.

Through hospital wards onward to a prison, where diseased souls pined in worse than dungeon darkness. He who went to call not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance, found them waiting for the glad tidings of pardon and peace. The inmates of those dungeon walls thus separated from man learned how closely they were still bound to God, and though the freedom of his earth was forfeited by sin, they could still hope for the liberty of the heavenly kingdom.

Under the Winter sky once more. The storm had spent itself; the gray clouds

were scattering, and a faint tint of red touched the east.

The two stood together in the shadow of the "Church of the Chosen," a magnificent pile of granite, on the corner of Makmoneh Street and Enjoyet Avenue. It towered against the sky like a wall built between earth and heaven. A model of architectural skill and beauty was the "Church of the Chosen." More than a million dollars had gone to the rearing of its solid walls, stained glass windows, rich carvings and upholstery. A massive iron railing surrounded it, and the hand with the print of the nail tried in vain to open the ponderous gate.

Just at that moment the bells rang out from the steeple, loud, jubilant, ushering in the anniversary of the day which gave a Savior to redeem the world. The Rev. St. John Makepeace sat in his study-chair, the sermon paper lying untouched on the desk near by, the great gold pen held in his fingers. The Christ, with the sad, earnest gaze, which never changed, looked at him from the canvas. The fire was out, and the bells were ringing,—not the midnight bells, to which he had just listened. These were Christmas chimes. He fell on his knees and prayed.

The usual "brilliant congregation, composed of the *elite* of the city," as the newspapers were fond of stating, were gathered in the "Church of the Chosen,"—beautiful women clad in velvet and ermine, with silks that rustled softly over the thick carpets of the aisles; men in broadcloth and fine linen, who, like their beloved minister, were on good terms with the whole world. The stately organ music thrilled the large audience as it carried with it the pathetic words sung by finely trained voices: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed."

They waited, hushed and expectant, for the sermon, and the words of the text were; "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." It was not read from

manuscript. There was not even a paper barrier between the earnest preacher and the hearts he touched that day,—how deeply and effectually was left for time to show. He stood at one side of the elegant reading-desk, the great Bible, with its massive gold clasps, resting unopened on its velvet cushion. It was the spirit, and not the letter, which he interpreted. "Emmanuel, God with us," not alone in the gloomy grandeur of the "Church of the Chosen" on one day in seven, when great keys opened the heavy doors that He might enter, but in the desolate and neglected places of the earth, where poverty, sickness, the soul's hunger, the misery of ignorance, sin, and despair, held immortal beings in hideous bondage. Where the Christ had led the man, he led his people; the women, whose time was given up to the demands of fashion and pleasure; the men, absorbed in buying, selling, and getting gain; and many for the first time realized, from his eloquent words, what Christian-

ity expected from them,—that from those to whom much has been given much is required.

The Rev. St. John Makepeace had a call soon after to a larger Church, but one from which he could expect no salary. It came in few short but expressive words: "Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow me;" and the following led him again to the sad and suffering, whom he had seen his Master care for and comfort. The eyes of his understanding had, indeed, been opened. He learned truly that no man liveth to himself, and in what way he that saaveth his life shall lose it. He commenced in faith that service which is unto the Lord, and not unto men; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things; not seeking his own profit, but the profit of many that they should be saved, and so following the example of One who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and gave his life a ransom for many.

C. B. LE ROW.

THE ALHAMBRA.

THE Alhambra! The very name is full of romance and kingly grandeur, and recalls recollections of gallantry and refinement, and the triumph of arts and arms. Says Irving: "To the traveler, imbued with a feeling for the historical and poetical, so inseparably entwined in the annals of romantic Spain, the Alhambra is as much an object of adoration and devotion as is the Caaba to all true Moslems. How many legends and traditions, true and fabulous; how many songs and ballads, Arabian and Spanish, of love and war and chivalry, are associated with this royal Morisco pile! It was the gorgeous abode of a long line of Moorish kings, where, surrounded with all the splendors and refinements of Oriental luxury, they held dominion over one of the fairest

spots on earth, and made their last valiant stand for empire in Spain."

The light and elegant architecture of this edifice, whose magnificent ruins still form the most interesting monument in the Spanish Peninsula to-day for the contemplation of the traveler, the artist, and the scholar, shows the great advancement in art to which the Saracens had attained. Its graceful porticos and colonnades; its domes and ceilings, glowing with tints, which, in that transparent atmosphere, have lost nothing of their original brilliancy; its airy halls, so constructed as to admit the perfume of surrounding gardens and agreeable ventilations of the air; and its foundations, which still shed their coolness over its deserted courts, manifest at once the taste, opulence,

Oriental imagination, and Sybaritic luxury of its proprietors.

Perhaps there never was a monument more characteristic of an age and people than the Alhambra; a rugged fortress without, a voluptuous palace within; war frowning from its battlements, poetry and romance breathing throughout the fairy architecture of its halls. One is irresistibly transported in imagination to those times when Moslem Spain was a region of light amid Christian yet benighted Europe; externally, a warrior power fighting for existence; internally, a realm devoted to literature, science, and the arts; where philosophy was cultivated with passion, though wrought up into subtleties and refinements; and where the luxuries of sense were transcended by those of thought and imagination.

The royal palace itself forms but a part of a fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a hill, a spur of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountain, and overlooking the ancient capital of the kings of Granada. Upon the summit of this lofty eminence, far above the orange and myrtle bowers, above the lordly castles, in the midst of an esplanade covered with trees and fountains, Mohammed Alhamar upreared the Medinet Alhambra, the grandest palace that, with but few exceptions, the world has ever seen.

Nothing with which we are familiar in architecture can give us a correct idea of that of the Moors. They piled up buildings without order, symmetry, or any attention to the external appearance they would present. All their cares were bestowed upon the interior of their structures. There they exhausted all the resources of taste and magnificence, to combine in their apartments the requisites for luxurious indulgence with the charms of nature in her most enchanting forms. There, in saloons adorned with the most beautiful marble, and paved with a brilliant imitation of porcelain, couches, covered with stuffs of gold or silver, were arranged near *jets d'eau*, whose waters glanced upward toward the

vaulted roof, and spread a delicious coolness through an atmosphere embalmed by the delicate odors arising from exquisite vases of precious perfumes, mingled with the fragrant breath of the myrtle, jasmine, orange, and other sweet-scented flowers that adorned the apartments.

The beautiful palace of the Alhambra, as it now exists at Granada, presents no façade. It is approached through a charming avenue, overarched by the interlacing branches of ancient elms, between which the sun's rays seldom penetrate to dispel the gloom of their shading foliage, or to dissipate the refreshing coolness which is thus occasioned. Innumerable rills dash from peak to peak, and wander in graceful curves amid groups of trees; and, far below, at the very bottom of the ravine, the hurried and turbid stream of the river Darro rushes along its course.

The entrance to the palace is through a large square tower, which formerly bore the name of the Gate of Judgment. A religious inscription announces that it was there that the Granadan kings sat to give audience to their subjects, and administer justice after the ancient manner of the Hebrew and other Oriental nations. A lofty archway rises above you, of the true horseshoe shape, so characteristic of arabesque architecture, and conducts to the Rubicon, along which the way winds till it leads to an open space called *Plaza de los Algibes*, or Square of the Cisterns. Here are the two great reservoirs in which the water was retained for the use of the garrison and the other inhabitants of the place. Here, also, is a well of immense depth, of the purest and coldest water, wrought by the Moors in their endeavors to obtain that necessary of existence in its most crystal state, which, among them, was always considered an indispensable requisite. To the left of this esplanade stands the pile commenced by the Emperor Charles V, and intended for a palace that should eclipse the erections of the Moslem kings. This is an erection that, in any other place, would have been considered magnificent,

but here it is so surpassed by the buildings around that it serves but as a foil to the costly and elegant lightness of the Arab tracery, and the gracefulness of the older columns. Beyond it is a small and unostentatious portal, which opens into a large court called the *Alberca*, paved with marble, and decorated at each end with light peristyles. In the center is a fish-pond of gigantic proportions, formerly filled with gold and silver fish, and bordered by roses and other fragrant flowers. During the period when the palace was regularly inhabited, however, this was the common bathing-place for the servants and other subordinates of the establishment, and was called the *Mesuar*. The walls are covered with beautiful arabesques; and, with the devotion which especially distinguished the followers of Mohammed (who—how different from those better informed as to the way of truth!—never exhibited the paltry cowardice of being ashamed of the faith they professed), they have added the frequent inscription of *Wa la galib illa alla*,—"God is conqueror." This also is traced on the peristyles at each end.

At what may be called the internal end of the *Mesuar*, an archway leads to the *Palio de los Leones*, or Hall of Lions, one of the most perfect specimens of Saracenic architecture in existence, and as beautiful as it is perfect. Upon entering this celebrated court, one seems as if suddenly transported to the regions of fairy-land. All the array of gorgeous splendor, in the conception of which the imagination loves to revel when thinking of Eastern grandeur, is comprised within its precincts. One feels to tread on magic ground; and airy shapes, instinct with life and covered with beauty, flit before the sight, filling the place afresh with the scenes of days gone by. The mental deception is the more complete, in that the finger of time has left few traces of decay, and the splendor of its original appearance is realized almost without an effort. The court is paved with white marble. In the center stands the celebrated Fountain of the Lions. This is a

large basin of alabaster, supported by twelve lions, sculptured, it should be observed, in but indifferent taste. Over this basin there is another, but smaller, from which shoot forth innumerable cascades, which together present the form of a great sheaf; and, falling again from one vase into another, and from these into the large basin beneath, create a perpetual flow, whose volume is increased by the floods of limpid water which gush in a continual stream from the mouth of each of the marble lions.

This fountain, like each of the others, is adorned with inscriptions; for the Moors ever took pleasure in mingling the eloquence of poetry with the graces of sculpture. To us their conceptions appear singular, and their expressions exaggerated; but our manners are so opposite to theirs; the period of their existence as a nation is so far removed, and we know so little of the genius of their language, that we have, perhaps, no right to judge the literature of the Moors by the severe rules of modern criticism. And, indeed, the specimens we possess of the French and Spanish poetry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are, any of them, little superior to the verses engraved on the walls and fountains of the Alhambra.

Around the Court of Lions runs a gallery, supported by an arcade of beautiful white marble pillars. These columns, standing sometimes two and sometimes three together, are of slender proportions and fantastic design; but their lightness and grace afford the greatest pleasure to the eye of the wandering beholder. The walls, and, above all, the ceiling of the circular gallery, are covered with gold and azure mosaic tilings, and the peristyles and fretwork are embellished with arabesque ornaments, wrought with an exquisite delicacy and the most correct taste. At each end of the court is a portico, supported by marble pillars, uniting into an arcade of the same order as those which sustained the gallery at the sides, and surmounted by a dome enriched with representations of stars of different

magnitudes. The whole is colored in gold, carmine, or blue, the effect of which is heightened by the apparent freshness which rests upon it, the whole looking as if it had been only lately completed by the Moslem artist. This appears to have been the portion, of all this splendid palace, the most dear to the Moorish people, who formerly possessed it, and whose descendants even still linger in thought over it with the most poignant regret. On the *Gateway of Justice*, at the entrance, a gigantic hand is sculptured, and within it an immense key, executed by direction of its great founder, indicative, doubtless, of the power of the sultan to open the secrets of the Koran, but considered by the ignorant dwellers around the place as emblematic of the magical arts of the builder of the palace; for to magic alone do they ascribe the present perfect state of the Alhambra. At its foundation, it is said, he laid the palace under a spell, which has thus preserved it; whilst almost every other building of the Moors has fallen to decay, and disappeared. Tradition went on to say that this spell would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would fall together, and all the treasures buried beneath it, by the Moors, would be revealed. With this impression, it is not surprising that the people around think of the place with considerable awe. One of those persons who was employed to keep the palace, returning to the Court of Lions in the evening for something which he had forgotten, when daylight was almost gone, saw, to his exceeding surprise, four Moors, turbaned and richly appareled, promenading this court; he stood at first stupefied with terror, and then fled in the utmost consternation. They seemed to him like supernatural visitants, come once more either to look upon the scene of their past delight, or to tell where all their treasure was concealed. How they gained access, or how they departed, was a mystery never unraveled. Another attendant, however, who came there shortly after this circumstance, was

either less superstitious or more intrepid and acute; for he came with every badge of poverty, but soon retired, bought a handsome house, set up his carriage, and lived with much splendor till the day of his death.

On the left of the Court of Lions is the *Sala des Abencerrages*, in which thirty-six of those brave men, members of a family who evinced a noble devotion to the reigning monarch, were massacred in their endeavor to defend him. Red spots on the pavement, which are, in all probability, the deposit of water impregnated with iron, are still shown by the cicerone, as the stains of their blood.

On the other side of the court is the *Hall of the Two Sisters*, so called from two huge flags of white marble in the pavement, which have neither stain nor blemish in them. A cupola emits a tempered light from above, and ventilates the place. Around, on the lower part of the walls, are sculptured the escutcheons of the Moorish kings, on tiles of beautiful workmanship. Above, the walls are faced with stucco-work, invented at Damascus, cast in large molds, and so joined as to have the appearance of being laboriously worked with the hand into light reliefs and fanciful arabesques, intermixed with the texts of the Koran, and poetical inscriptions. These decorations are richly gilt and colored. On each side of the hall are recesses for ottomans and couches. Above, within an inner porch, is the communication with the women's apartments; and the latticed "jalouses" still remain, through which those witching tenants of the harem could look on the scene below.

At the upper end of the Mesuar stands the *Tower of Comares*, so called from a delicate work called Comaragia. Even the foundations of this massive tower are laid above the very tops of the pine groves which clothe the side of the precipice on which it stands; and its summit rises high into the air, commanding a view over that wild and impressive country, of almost unrivaled grandeur. Beneath it—far, far beneath it—rolls the

troubled and hasty stream of the Darro. Within the tower is the *Hall of the Embassadors*, within which was confined the gentle yet intrepid and constant sultana, Aixha la Horra, who, having seen herself deserted by the king for a favorite and too fascinating slave, and all her children butchered save one, summoned around her her maidens and dependents, and, joining their scarfs, let her last and only son down through the window. When their scarfs and veils could reach no further, he clambered by twig and bough, until he set his foot on the firm earth below. High above his head the anxious mother watched the snowy crest of a knight, who paced a steed impatient for his rider, and whose golden surcoat gleamed fitfully in the moonlight. Fear, hatred, and ambition winged the foot-steps of the young Abdallah. A moment's stop, the word exchanged, the youthful hero vaulted on his steed,—the son of the sultana felt himself a king! Another moon saw that youth, the chief of a glorious band, return before those castled heights; and ere another horn was filled, they hurled the tyrant, Muley Hassan, from his throne.

The walls of the chamber are richly stuccoed, and ornamented with arabesques of the most exquisite workmanship. The ceiling is of cedar wood, inlaid with silver, ivory, and mother-of-pearl. The three sides of the hall are full of windows made in the immense thickness of the walls, which admit a free current of air, and thus both light and ventilate this beautiful apartment, producing, at the same time, a surprising effect; and in this manner all the halls of the Alhambra are lighted.

On the east side of this hall is the *Tocador de la Reina*, or Queen's Toilet, in the corner of which is a stone drilled full of holes, for the admission of perfumes, which were burned below, and, by means of these apertures, ascended into the royal apartment. Beside this is the little garden of *Lin-daraja*, having an alabaster fountain, and filled with groves of roses, myrtles, and orange-trees.

Upon leaving the marble halls and lofty towers of the Alhambra, one discerns, on the side of a neighboring eminence called the *Cerro del Sol*, or Mountain of the Sun, the famous garden of the Generalif, which signifies, in the Moorish tongue, the Home of Love. In this garden was the palace to which the kings of Granada repaired to pass the Summer season. It was built in a style similar to that of the Alhambra: the same gorgeous splendor, the same costly magnificence reigned there. The edifice is now destroyed; but the picturesque situation, the ever varied and ever charming landscape, the limpid fountains, the sparkling *jets d'eau*, and tumbling waterfalls of the Generalif, are still left to excite admiration.

Before it lies the plain on which the brave and high-minded Isabella, the queen of the crafty Ferdinand, stood to view the palace of the Moorish king, with but a bare retinue of knights around her. Supposing the party to be reconnoitering with a hostile intention, the Moslem monarch swept from his height, and dared his imagined opponent to the attack. For a time the bands remained opposed, in silence, to each other, till a knight of immense muscular power and stature rode from before the host, dragging at his horse's tail the badge of the Count d'Aquilhar, the late renowned and beloved commander of the Castilian army, challenging the bravest of the knights to mortal combat. The queen had ordered that none should move from his place; but the heir of the house of Lara, burning to avenge the loss of his friend, and redeem his country's honor, entreated and obtained permission to meet the infidel who thus so haughtily defied the Christian chivalry. His horse was light, and, compared to the colossal bulk of his opponent, his person small. They met in mid career, and the lance of each was shattered to their very hands. Though much shaken, the young Lara kept his seat. Again they met, and skillfully he parried, and with vigor returned, the shower of blows which the huge Tarfe

aimed at his life; but the spirits of his friends sank, as, after a long contest, the Christian was evidently yielding ground, and, though blood flowed freely from both, yet it was clear that the count was the weaker of the two. At last he received a blow upon the casque which stunned him, and the Moor, wheeling his horse in career, caught him by the leg and dashed him to the earth. In a moment he was on the ground, and prepared to finish his work; but the spirit of Lara was not thus to be subdued. The last and fiercest struggle of all ensued, and the Christian sank beneath his antagonist. The Moor rose in fury, set his foot upon his breast; he flourished high his sword around his head, but, just as he was about to strike the fatal blow, his arm lost its force, his head fell upon his breast, and he sank prostrate to the earth, with his limbs collapsed in death. The

short, bright blade attached to the wrist of the count was found buried in his heart. The victor lived to enjoy the guerdon of his sovereign's love.

The Moors, dispirited by the loss of their champion, yet dashed on the enemy, but were beaten to their stronghold; and so, another year, the Castilian banner floated on the heights of the Alhambra.

The walls of the fortress are built of a kind of cement, of red clay and large pebbles, which, exposed to the air, acquires the hardness of stone. They are sufficiently extensive to contain a garrison of forty thousand men, and within their range was to be found all that could give delight or afford security to their royal possessors. This immense fortress was built about the year 1273, and fell into the hands of the sovereigns of Castile and Aragon late in the fifteenth century.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

LOVE STORIES—UNPUBLISHED ONES.

INTO almost every species of literature the "love story" has forced its way; only the stately review, the grave religious journal, the strictly scientific or mechanical paper or magazine, may be excepted. Nor are these stories always of the kind to be called pleasant, interesting, or profitable reading. Some are not only sensational, but, of set purpose, highly and exclusively so; and some are wanting in morality and delicacy, to the point of a desecration of all those feelings, virtues, and motives, which ought to be kept bright as the noon-day sun, and pure as a sacrificial altar. Some protest is made, occasionally, against one subject so monopolizing the columns of our papers and magazines, to the exclusion of more important matter; but the protest is unheeded, and the perpetually "New Story" goes on with unflagging industry, each week and month, the year through.

And yet, to one's certain knowledge, the real and very best love stories always go unwritten and unpublished.

That any one should be found nowadays who does not occasionally, even frequently, read some of the romances and love stories which come pouring from the press, is a mystery which Pauline says she is unable to solve. She closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in dumb surprise, when told that Mildred and Thaddeus, a middle-aged couple whom she greatly admires, had not read perhaps more than a half-dozen volumes of fiction apiece, during their married life.

Pauline has always some three or four "serials" on hand; but they are not allowed to interfere with the fresh volumes of light literature with which she keeps herself well supplied. As for the vital questions of the day, on religion, morals, science, politics, etc., she declares there

is not time to inspect them; and, besides, she can not, so she says, understand them, nor even remember the little she tried a few times to master. And so, without more concern, she has come to think herself honestly absolved from any further inspection or prosecution of topics which some of us nearly consider the meat and drink of our daily lives, so intimately have these grave and interesting subjects blended with our mental and moral being.

"I declare I would like to know what that dozen volumes might be," exclaimed Pauline, when the flush of surprise was over; "there has been time enough to get them by heart. O, I know they have read more stories and romances than that, if they would only confess it, like I do."

"On the contrary," I replied, "an honest investigation would be more likely to show they had read even less than a round dozen."

"What do they read, then?" mused Pauline, half to herself, as if trying to recall some forgotten thing.

"You must know, my dear girl, there is plenty of deeply interesting history and biography in the world to read, besides the cold philosophy and uncertain science, as you say I call them. There are plenty of subjects which you never touch, but which are more intensely interesting to those who do read them than your fiction is to you."

Pauline blushed a little, replying that she had not time for grave, deep reading, and, besides, was ashamed to say, it would put her to sleep as soon as a lesson in German grammar.

"What a dull life," said she, "Mildred and Thaddeus must lead at home sometimes! O no, that can not be, either; for they are two of the most lively, interesting people I know of. I often think they are as fresh and young in company as their own children."

"And so they are. And the way they have kept themselves so 'young and fresh,' as you say, is, by making themselves one with their children in all the

home duties, and innocent pleasures outdoors and in society, which interest young people. I have known Mildred to put aside urgent work, and go with her husband and the children to a picnic, or a fishing party."

"Well, of all her relations, I think she might have found one to go with them."

"Yes; but that was no part of her plans or desires; she always made it a point to be with her children as much as she could. She liked their company, and they liked hers; and, besides, she said they would all likely be married and gone from her some day, and she thought that almost as sad as laying the little ones in their graves. She says most people make merry at weddings; but, for her part, the weal or woe for life of two young people plunges her into a funeral mood, which she hides as well as she can, to keep other folks from being sad."

"I have often noticed," said Pauline, "but kept it to myself, that although Mildred is strangely fond of old people, yet she never seems to tire of the young ones; provided they are not affected and spoiled, as you say, by being forced into fashionable men and women, before they have had half a chance of becoming natural young people, with some sense and judgment of their own."

"Mildred is, indeed, fond of old people; but really likes the young ones best, and forgets the sprinkling of gray hairs in her head, and the gathering wrinkles in her round, plain face, when a knot of young folks crowd around her to talk over their pleasures and plans. She has been saying, these fifteen or twenty years, that people wickedly sacrifice their children, rather than sacrifice their own ease to look after them, and care for them, and properly instruct, amuse, and lead them up to be worthy, useful men and women. She says boys and girls would be boys and girls up to the day they were twenty-one, if their parents and elders would take real interest in them, and keep them company, instead of dressing them in ridiculous clothes, and sending them out into the world,

where every true idea of home is lost in the whirl of society."

"Well," said Pauline, taking up her sewing, "Mildred has a faculty of getting through more work, pleasure, and company than most women, or she could never have devoted so much time to her children. There never seems to be much stir, or unfinished work in her house, although her family is large, and never more than a couple of servants about. You could not, I believe, name another woman who keeps every thing so even and finished up as she does the year through."

"No: I can not think of another one who has such order and comfort in their homes as Mildred has; but I know of one reason why, all her married life, she has been able to do it."

"And never told me," said Pauline, in a tone that breathed of slight.

"There is not much chance to tell you any thing; you are so frequently away, or engaged with company, or reading the conclusion of some serial, or beginning a new volume of ro—"

"There, I know what you would say; but I would rather hear the reason you were going to give me."

"Yes: the reason why Mildred and Thaddeus have so much comfort, order, and leisure in their home. I can not, though, agree with you that she has any extra faculty for getting through with work. The true reason of her success is that she absolutely refuses to have needless work done. It has been like a law of the Medes and Persians in her house, ever since I knew her."

"And who would have needless work done?" asked Pauline, plying her needle with energy. "There is not one of us who does not have more than she can do, let alone useless work."

"But, Pauline, there is a wide difference between your and Mildred's idea of useless work. There is that ruffle you are gathering, and three more to put with it, all to go on one plain white underskirt; and then the time it will always take to iron it,—Mildred would call it making

work, not doing it. She would say a few plain welts would be more appropriate, easier to do up, longer to wear, and not out of fashion while it lasts."

"O, I know that," replied Pauline, biting her lips; "but I must have things like other people's."

"Indeed! so you respect other people more than you do yourself?"

"No, I don't; but I do not care to have them talking, and wondering why I have n't my clothes like, like—"

"Other people's," I added for her; while her blushes proved the respect she paid these *other* people. "Only yesterday you made Patty clean the porch and pavement, when you admitted they were hardly soiled, just because it was regular scrub-day. That, you see, was useless work."

"O, well, it won't hurt her."

"It is not well; and it will hurt more than help her. And hurt you, too, when you come to take a more just view of life and duty. Patty is a good girl, and it is your duty to be just with her, and keep her good and contented. Your friend Mildred would never impose useless service on those she hired, nor on her children; so they were all the more to be depended on when she needed them. In this way, she saved herself and them much needless toil, and secured more comfort and freedom to her children than you can find now days in one family in five hundred; for false views of life have spread even to the hard-working poor. You will admit that many of them work almost as hard for what they do not need as for the necessities of life."

"To be sure they do; I condemn their vanity and extravagance every day."

"And who sets the example for them?"

"People like me, I suppose," replied Pauline, with a careless laugh, as she held up the ruffles; "but then they might have more sense than to try and imitate people with plenty of means."

"And you might have more wisdom and justice than to lead the weak and ignorant astray."

"I know I am somewhat to blame."

"But the confession will need repentance and reformation to make it of any avail to your weak-minded neighbors, who look up to you."

"Well, I wonder what Mildred would say about me, and what she thinks of others like me."

"You can easily find out by laying aside the novel you began yesterday, and give half the time it would take to read it to conversation with her. You would not waste her time; for she always contrives to have some light work on hand while she talks."

"I have noticed that, and it puts me in mind of Lydia Sigourney, who kept her knitting in the parlor, and busied herself while she entertained callers. If Mildred had only taken to reading and study, what a scholar she might have become, with her industry and economical use of time! for I think she is not wanting in capacity. But I never surprise her reading; she scarcely ever mentions any thing she has read, or wants to read; and I doubt sometimes if she ever gets farther than her Church paper, the Bible, and the almanac."

"I can assure you that she does read; and we talk about it enough to prove she takes interest in it; but she reads sparingly, for Thaddeus and the children have done most of the reading for her. And a capital hand he is, too, to read, and keep up a running comment on whatever can amuse or instruct his small audience. If you had ever seen or heard him, you could understand how agreeable it would be to sew, knit, care for the children, or even nurse a mild toothache, while he has the position of chief reader."

"Now, you are not going to make a romantic hero out of Thaddeus."

"No; he is rather too matter-of-fact for that. And yet, ever since the day he married Mildred, one would think there was both poetry and romance in his make-up, at least enough imagination to make things as lovely as he could wish. It has often been debated among his friends how so handsome a man, with such an eye for looks and such an ear for

music, came to marry so plain a body as Mildred really is, with neither ear nor voice for music."

"I have often wondered at it, myself; and no doubt you can tell me all about it."

"No, I can not; and if I could, it would seem like treason to do it, since Thaddeus is so shy himself about disclosing the facts. But, Pauline, did you ever see a couple more happily mated than they are?"

"Perhaps not. It is really difficult, sometimes, to think of them as a middle-aged couple, with grown-up children around them; the daughters handsome, and the sons manly and fine-looking. Ever since I first knew them, they have seemed to me like a pair of contented, happy lovers, with a touch of romance."

"And that is just what they have been all their married life."

"And never read any love stories, novels, or romances?" said Pauline, with one of her doubtful smiles.

"Not much, indeed, of the kind you read; it is something of the same sort, but a great deal better. And their reading is more regular and systematic than yours, more like a steady occupation, where one performs the same kind of work, and about the same amount, each day."

"How can that be," asked Pauline, "since we neither see nor hear much of it; and, as for light reading, fiction, for instance, they have not, as you think, mastered more than a dozen volumes in the twenty odd years of their married life? There is nothing regular or systematic about it that I can see."

"Well, it is, nevertheless, and goes on daily. Sometimes Mildred is offered a new story to read, but she almost invariably declines; frequently saying, with a quaint smile of hers, that she and her husband were well supplied with that kind of reading at home."

"Some of the old-time novelists," queried Pauline, "and must have belonged to Mildred's great grand-parents in their love-making days."

"If they have any thing of the kind

about their house, I never saw it; they neither one appear to have much liking for old authors, and can not understand why I am so partial to them.

"I declare I would just like to know what they do read, or ever have read," said Pauline, with impatience.

Expecting a burst of laughter, I ventured to say they had read "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*." She received the information quietly, only asking if they liked it; and, when told they both found it very interesting, wondered it had not sharpened their appetite for more.

"Mildred did," I said, "undertake the '*Minister's Wooing*,' but never completed it. Once, she read '*Adam Bede*,' and was surprised to find herself so much interested; but said if it had been a story of American life and society, she would have liked it better."

"I wonder," mused Pauline, "if she ever read '*Middlemarch*,' or would read it. I believe I'll loan her mine. I do not like it myself so well as some folks who call it philosophic and grand; but that may be my own fault."

"You need not offer it to her; for I am sure she would not give it even a superficial reading. It describes a life and society strange to her; and she does not seem to possess the power or imagination to lift herself, as it were, out of the daily life around her, so as to make such reading either a profit or pleasure. '*Uncle Tom's Cabin*' gives a phase of life she is acquainted with, and almost solely on that ground it has an interest for her. It may seem a circumscribed limit of mind to live in, but just suits those who find all the world they want inside their home and the society immediately around them."

"If what you say is so, I will not even mention the book to her."

"If you did, she would be likely to answer you as she has me, by saying she has a capital story on hand, and does not want any thing in the way to interfere with it."

"And gave you the title?"

"Only in an indirect way; leaving me

to guess the rest, which I have neither been unwilling nor slow to do. Once, only, do I remember of her speaking plainer than usual on the subject. I had been praising '*John Halifax, Gentleman*,' telling her it was a fine book of its kind, and would repay any one who cared to read it with a view of being interested or instructed.

"Do read it, Mildred," said I, "and get Thaddeus to do the same; I am sure you will both like it. It may puzzle you to find out whether the hero is a Catholic or Protestant, a Presbyterian or Episcopalian, but you will agree with me that he is a Christian gentleman."

"O, it would be no use," said she, in a way which I knew meant she would never read it. "It would be no use for either of us to undertake it; it would only interfere with what we have already on hand, and we always have enough."

"Yes," I answered sarcastically, "every body knows you and Thaddeus are always reading something, especially love stories."

"And so we do. We are never without one; always a love story on hand." And Mildred smiled with a serene satisfaction that was beautiful to see.

"Ah, Mildred," I said, "your reading is no secret to me; I guessed it long ago, and could, perhaps, number the volumes, but could give only a moiety of the contents stored up in your memory."

"I wonder if any one else has found out the meaning of my story readings, and of Thaddeus's too?" asked Mildred, with a blush that was very maiden-like.

"No," I answered, "I hardly think so."

"There are a good many volumes," said she, slowly, and in a low tone, "in the story we are engaged in reading."

"I know it," returned I, "somewhere over twenty, I am sure."

"Ah, I see you do indeed know the secret I, or we, I should say, have kept so long."

"That I do; and wish more people, that is, married people, were like you and Thaddeus, but not quite so much to

the exclusion of all other reading-matter as both of you have been.' "

"Now, I wonder," began Pauline impatiently (she had interrupted me before), "I wonder if you suppose I am to believe that! Over twenty volumes, indeed! I would like at least to have the title, or titles it may be, before I am expected to believe."

"It is a very short and simple one, only four words: 'Our Own Love Story.' Why, Pauline, you are not stupid; do n't you see the meaning of it all, now?"

"See it? Yes. And have n't I told you that they always seemed to me like a pair of lovers? Although I never dreamed they were reading their own love story to the exclusion of other people's."

"Well, they have; and Mildred does not hesitate now to say to me that she and Thaddeus have had a love story of their own going on ever since the day of their marriage. Their courtship never began, as she says, in real earnest, until the ceremony was over, the guests gone, and they had set out for the cottage where their housekeeping began. Every day for over twenty years they have been reading together a page of this story; every week a chapter, every year a volume, has been finished and closed up, never more to be opened here, not even to their own gaze or knowledge. And not a page, a chapter, or volume but is filled to the last word with original matter,—some of it as sad or happy, as beautiful, as thinking, as any thing you may meet with in the printed pages which appear to engross your undivided attention."

"What an interesting story it could, perhaps, make," said Pauline, soberly, "if Mildred would write it out!"

"But she will never do that. There are some things she believes in nearly or quite dropping the curtain over, and the love and privacy of home, in its delicate and dear relations, is one of them. Her true love story, like many others, will forever remain unwritten and unpublished, where no glance, either loyal or traitorous, can ever be cast on it. No;

Mildred will never leave a written record for friend or foe."

"How beautiful it all seems!" said Pauline, dreamily. "She and Thaddeus will go on reading that lovely love story of theirs to the last day of their lives. I hope it will have a happy consummation, and that, in the end, they may not be long separated."

"I can join you in that wish. Sometimes, to an old friend or two, Mildred touches softly on this subject, her life's love story; and I wish you could hear her, for she alone can do it justice. Not, indeed, because she is eloquent or learned, for she is neither; but the subject has been one of the highest interest to her during all her married life, and the little she does say comes straight from the heart. She seems to think every birth, marriage, death, and incident in her family has had a peculiar happiness or sorrow for her, very different from what it would have been to any one else."

"I should like well enough," said Pauline, "to hear her; but I do not think she would talk about these things before me. I can never draw her out as you do, although I love dearly to hear her talk."

"Perhaps she thinks you are wanting in seriousness. She knows, like the rest of us, that you have always been fond of company, dress, and light reading."

"And yet I have my serious moods as well as the rest of you. I have never thought of Mildred herself as being over serious; she always appears so happy and full of the enjoyments of life, that I have an impression she would not like to contemplate its termination to begin an untried one, even though it was indeed one of anticipated bliss and perfection."

"I am sure you are mistaken; for only the other day, when we were talking on this very subject, the regret some feel at the prospect of quitting a long happy life in this world, Mildred seemed to take a satisfaction in looking forward; she expressed no reluctance at giving up the present and surveying the past happiness of life."

"Thaddeus thinks," she said, "and I agree with him, that, instead of regretting to leave the happiness one has enjoyed, they should simply be thankful for what they have had, and yield it up with a Christian's grace and joy. There is nothing gloomy to either of us in closing up this life of discipline to begin one of perfection and fruition. Here we have been happy and contented with the lot God has assigned us, and I do not think either of us would want to go over it again."

"But, Mildred," I said, "your lot has certainly been one to be thankful for; in quiet happiness it has been far above the average. Some count their bright days on their fingers; and you, according to your own confession, might nearly count your dark ones in the same way."

"Yes, truly, we have much to be thankful for; for our life, our married life, has been, on the whole, a long, even, happy, and prosperous one. I have ever taken a peculiar pleasure in calling it a pleasant love story, where, day by day, we have together turned over the pages as we read the chapters, each year finishing a volume. But some day we will find ourselves at the last chapter, and suddenly, some evening or morning, we will have together turned the last page; and then how near we will be to those who went away before us!—kind friends and neighbors, whom we thought it so hard to part from and live without; our dear little ones, who never learned to lisp a name, or take a single weary or false step in life's path; and our aged grandsires, who waited long, in patient hope and joy, for the time to depart to the mansions Christ promised to prepare. No, there is nothing gloomy to us in leaving these things we have enjoyed, and going to the things, even glorious things, we hope to enjoy in all the fullness of heaven."

"Why, Pauline, how grieved you are looking; and your eyes are full of tears! What is there in the closing up of this story of Mildred's that should sadden you more than any of the numerous ones

you have finished in books? Some of them, I know, you have read with the deepest interest and eagerness, and others, it would seem, with weariness; for only yesterday, when you finished a volume, you flung it down, saying you were glad it was ended."

"O do not mention it; do n't mention any of them. I believe I see, for the first time in my life, the difference between these ink and paper stories and the real stories of our daily lives. And all these stories are alive, too, with the sternest realities. Why, it is Mildred and Thaddeus, and others like them, who have been reading, thinking, and living, while I have been—well, only been dreaming; and not even my own dreams and fancies, either, but the dreams and fancies of other dreamers. Mildred has been living her own life, in the midst of her family, with love, courage, interest, and hope to keep it fresh and beautiful each day, while I have, it seems, but a faint memory of mine. I did not even think it worth garnering."

"Take courage," I said, "and be thankful that you have found it out."

"But think of the time that is lost!" exclaimed Pauline, sadly.

"For the very reason that it is irretrievable, forget it, and bravely secure the future."

"O, I might try, at least *begin to try*, and live. But no, I will not lose a day of precious time in trying. I'll begin even now and *do it*," said she, in a hopeful voice, and with a brightening face.

There is a generous measure of good in Pauline, but it has long been left languishing for the air, room, and culture, that would in time produce luscious fruit, instead of the sickly buds of resolve, and the withered leaves of unproductive action. But let us leave her to her own better thoughts, which, happily, after a long imprisonment, have begun to struggle for light and freedom. She is one that may be trusted; for she is not easily turned back when once she has taken a resolute forward step.

MARY E. FRY.

STAR IN THE EAST.

WHEN, in the days of old,
Prophet and priest foretold
A Savior's birth,
Stars of the morning sang,
And loud the welkin rang
With "Peace on earth."

Say, didst thou join the throng,
In that triumphal song,
O'er God's great plan?
Was thine the armor bright,
That chased away the night,
When day began?

Or didst thou move aside,
Letting the concourse glide,
And bide thy time,
When o'er Judea's plains
Should sound, in joyful strains,
The news sublime?

We know that thou wert there
Amid the heavenly choir
That sang again,
In notes concordant, clear,
That Israel's tribes might hear,
"Good will to men."

Shepherds then saw and heard
E'en more than prophet's word
Had e'er divined;

Angelic voices cried,
"No longer here abide
Till Christ ye find."

When, by the Jewish host,
Incense and holocaust
For sin were given,
Thou, Star of Heraldry,
Sought where our Offering lay
For all, from heaven.

Low in a manger laid,
Where ox and camel fed,
The Child was found;
When he, with radiant face,
Smiled back with heavenly grace
On all around.

The wise men reverent bowed,
Chanting his praise aloud,
While angels near
Caught up the joyful strain,
And loudly sang again,
"The Lord is here."

Star of the Orient,
Blessing the firmament
With thy mild rays,
O, may thy silver light
Every soul invite
To sing God's praise.

H. AMELIA EDSON.

THE LIGHTS FAR OUT AT SEA.

THE sunset gates were opened wide,
Far in the crimson west,
And through them passed the wearied day
In ruddy clouds to rest.
Now in the gloaming and the hush
All nature seems to dream,
And silently, and one by one,
The soft lights flit and gleam;
I sit and watch them from the shore,
Half lost in reverie,
Till darkness hides the waves between
The lights far out at sea.

They glimmer as the far-off days,
That came, long years ago,
All joyous with the light of love
I would not see or know.
O, happy days half-dimmed by years,—
Long years that stretch between
The old sweet love of long ago,
The life that might have been.
So far! Yet through the dark'ning past
Their brightness gleams to me,
As o'er the dark and silent waves
The lights far out at sea.

REA.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

IT is complained that a reaction in the temperance movement has begun. Some of the liquor shops that were closed last Winter are opening again; the prohibitory laws, which, for a time, seemed galvanized into life, are sinking back into their old dead-letter state.

Of course. It is not to be expected that women could pray without ceasing in the corners of the streets and in liquor saloons, or petition forever the incorrigible law-makers. And if they could, such things must lose their force after a while. Yet the movement begun in the West a year ago, and carried on in different forms in the East, was a noble one, and its mission has been nobly fulfilled. It has called the attention of people to the existing facts of intemperance. It has thoroughly aroused us, and every thinking man is asking to-day, in all seriousness, What shall we do to be saved from this monster of iniquity, which is not slowly but surely overpowering us?

The answers, partial, hasty, ill-advised, many of them, fill the land:

"More law; better enforcement of existing laws;" from the rank and file of earnest men and women.

"A better public sentiment,—a sentiment thoroughly upon the side of temperance and reform," entreat some foremost workers whose hands are not stayed up by their conservative friends.

"More prayers, women's prayers,"—cry out a portion of our religious community, who would fain stand still, and wait for the salvation of the Lord.

"More liquor,—beer, wine, *moderate* drinking," strange to say, from here and there a clergyman, here and there a woman!

But we know that there are prohibitory statutes enough on record to banish—if prohibitory statutes were as effective as some men think—liquor and liquor-sellers from the earth forever. We remember, too, that these statutes have been *enforced*

upon occasions; liquor-sellers fined again and again; imprisoned even, and their precious wares poured out. The process is repeated every time a temperance revival comes; and the dealers, shrewd men, wait a little, and then go on with their vile trade, unmolested.

And how shall we create a public sentiment in favor of temperance? The matter has been agitated for years; the more respectable portions of the press have nobly borne testimony; temperance lectures have been delivered until we have grown tired of them; temperance tracts have been scattered like Autumn leaves through the land. There are families in which the enthusiasm for temperance is always high. It is easy enough to warm a well-built house in the coldest weather, but we might as well endeavor to create a temperature by artificial means that would warm all out-doors, and keep the snows from gathering on the mountain-tops in a New England Winter, as to create a public sentiment in favor of temperance so strong and so abiding that it will melt away the liquor-shops, and effectually save the community from the ravages of diseased and depraved appetites. No; a right public sentiment is the result, rather than the cause, of a right state of things in society, the fruit, rather than the seed, of perfect character.

Does any one think women have not prayed until now? All through the bitter years they have prayed in the closet, with shut doors, to the Father, who seeth in secret, and waited for the open reward. If prayers and tears might have saved us, we should not be in such sore need of prayers and tears to-day. Let us not deceive ourselves; God is not unconvinced. We come short of success for other reasons than that he needs to be urged to send down the desired reform.

Temperate drinking; wine and beer to propitiate the demon appetite, and save the man! Every one who has

watched these things at all knows that this is a fatal fallacy. Every drunkard knows it is a lie; he knows that it is from the army of temperate drinkers, wine-bibbers, beer-guzzlers, that his own ranks are filled. It is the old, old story told in Eden, and repeated through the ages: "Your eyes shall be opened," and "ye shall not surely die."

And here come the philosophers, claiming, rightly enough, that temperance must be rooted and grounded in character, and that we can look for reform only in the moral improvement of individuals; but this sounds rather trite to Christians, who have been laboring eighteen hundred years for the conversion of the world.

The man is ill; the disease is a terrible one, and brought on by his own wrongdoing. The physicians, nurses, ministers, are sent for. Medicine, reform, prayer may or may not save his life; but some one should remember that the disease is terribly infectious, and have a care for the little ones, with whom the house is filled. Some decent hygienic regulations may be established by law. There is need of all the physician's skill, all the instructions of the clergy, all the prayers of the women, in this desperate disease of intemperance that troubles our land. But while the religion and philanthropy of the world, its learning and its law, are at work upon grown-up sinners, let the parents and the school-teachers, those, at least, who are responsible in no small measure for the behavior of the coming generation, consider the case of the *children* in right good earnest. I can not help thinking that it would be wise for the world to use a good deal of its wisdom here.

Temperance societies, prohibitory laws, public prayer are all for the men upon whom death has already set his seal. Very precious are their souls, but why shall we wait to save until the victim is on the brink of ruin? till the attacking monster has grown so that we can do battle with him only at fearful risks?

I believe the words of the old-time

wise man are true to-day as when they were uttered: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." They come to us through the ages with the authority of an inspired prophecy. How is it that we mothers and fathers, we reformers and anxious watchers for the millennium, have not asked more earnestly, What is the way? How shall we train up the child?

We overrate the influence of the rum-seller. Let the law deal with him as it may, I have no pity or regard for the man who gets his living and his luxuries at the cost of other men's peace and happiness; but we speak of him as one who lies in wait for the innocent, and lures strong men to death. These are not often among his victims. When we see a young man leaving his father's house, and, presently lured into vicious ways, smoking, drinking, intoxication, ruin, we may conclude that he was spoiled before he came from under that parental roof, before he had touched his first cigar or quaffed a single draught of red wine, and that he needed only these foolish temptations to expose his rotteness to the world.

Few fevers are contagious, physicians tell us; but if one in a weak condition, system relaxed, stomach disordered, comes in contact with the foul vapors of any disease, he is almost sure to fall a victim. Thousands of young men are coming from their childhood homes weak, selfish, sensual, and with no knowledge of self-control. They find their places in all ranks of life, and we see them, dropping, dropping, in the presence of temptations, before they have done one honest stroke of work, victims to their own weakness or their own lusts. And we can not hide the fact, shrink from it as we may, that the sons of respectable, nay, of Christian, parents are oftentimes among these unfortunates.

Have we blundered in the training of our children? It may be. The wisdom of this age teaches how to buy and sell, and to get gain; how to obtain an appropriate culture and an orthodox religion,—

but it leaves out of account some of the principal arts of living. The training of young children has been turned over, with a great deal of grandiloquence, to the instincts of the mother; while the father, by this wisdom, surpassing that of the Creator, has been relieved of the responsibility and set in another sphere. And the instincts of the mother have done half the work of spoiling the child; have fed it in direct defiance of all hygienic rules; clothed it with a care that has absorbed her health, her time, her thoughts.

Am I mistaken in my opinion, founded upon long observation, that the average mother knows almost nothing of the simplest laws of health,—the average nurse a good deal less than nothing.

What does it signify that we are good Christians and devoted mothers, if we keep the baby in an air-tight room all Winter,—in an atmosphere so vitiated that, at times, the very lamps burn dim,—and stuffed with food always to the limits of its little capacity?

What has all this to do with temperance? I answer, in the language of a celebrated divine, Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford: "Little do parents remember that their child can be a drunkard before he has so much as tasted the cup; and that they themselves can make him so virtually, without meaning it, even before he has gotten his language." "Nineteenths of the intemperate drinking," he says, "begins not in grief and destitution, as we so often hear, but in vicious feeding." And by vicious feeding he means overfeeding, irregular feeding, the practice of "stuffing" children, as he aptly puts it, at all hours, and upon all occasions, and of stuffing them, too, with improper food.

Every one who has watched children

at all, or the ways of people with children, knows how it is: when the child awakes, it is fed; when it is sleepy, it is fed; always when it cries, it is fed; and when he has outgrown his babyhood, we find the matter of feeding has grown somewhat worse. Now, if Johnny falls down, he is comforted with a bit of cake or an apple; if he is away from his dearest friends, plenty of candy is supposed to dull the edge of his desolation. Whenever there are particular reasons why Johnny should keep still, doughnuts, gingerbread, sweetmeats of some kind, are put into his hands. The neighbors, too, and friends of the family, in the kindness of their hearts, lavish, on the little pet, cakes, candies, raisins, nuts, with a generous indiscrimination that seems to me appalling.

So, then, there are sweetmeats for consolation, sweetmeats for amusement, and sweetmeats for rewards of merit; the boy's ideas of friendship become blended with the pleasures of appetite; and, if his morals are not hopelessly deranged, can we confidently expect as much for his stomach? We have persistently given him reasons to conclude that the pleasures of the palate are the main good things of life, and awakened, perhaps, a passion for unlawful indulgences that will not be satisfied in the coming years by titbits so simple as those with which we began to tempt him.

We were shocked, awhile ago, when our neighbor's child died, by a report that was circulated in solemn whispers through the town, that, upon the occasion of the funeral, our neighbor was found in a state of intoxication! I wonder why we were shocked; it was a trick of depravity that he may have learned at his mother's knee.

F. K. K.

HOW MY OLD SILK WAS MADE OVER.

IT was years ago, long before these palmy days of flounces, knife-plaits and puffings; ere it was supposed possible to bring two or three worn dresses together, and, from the best of each, evolve one sublime suit, so fearfully and wonderfully fashioned that it provoked more astonishment than admiration. There was then no mystery about the styles or the trimmings; and one's attention in church was not distracted by inward perplexed inquiries in regard to a fair neighbor's apparel, or the hopeless question as to how she got inside of it at all. Dress, such as it was, was understood, and it was a standard rule that its different parts should have some correspondence of color and texture.

Overskirts were unknown. Useful as we find them now in concealing the cheap tops to the under-rigging, they had not been in vogue during the memory of the oldest individual; and if a person had appeared in one then, with the nameless odds and ends bunched on the back that our styles demand, she would have been forthwith committed to an insane hospital. For, even now, after years of eye-training, it is difficult to look at a group of animated clothespins, with the orthodox bumping behind, without doubting the sanity of the wearers. Still the present mode admits of unlimited "making over," and, in fact, requires it. There is no permanence about it.

In the "long ago" of which I am writing, a lady's dress consisted simply of a plain skirt, waist and sleeves. The sleeves and skirt were roomy, and in the latter there was no suggestion of a strait-jacket having slipped down over the hips. They were easy to walk in, to work in, and to live in. And it was a gown of this description that I had set my heart upon "making over." But how?

A dozen times in a day I held the old silk up to the light and sighed over its

weak points. I saw where it was frayed at the elbows and under the arms, and there were glimpses, that could not be ignored, of the lining, where the silk had drawn away from the seams. It was too short-waisted, and did not properly fit up around the neck. Being tall and thin, I never wore it without an uncomfortable consciousness of too much neck.

The skirt had nothing to spare for a help to the waist. It needed all its resources to keep itself respectable. It had already done wonders in the line of being remodeled. It had been turned upside down, and its front breadth had been so woefully narrowed by wide seams, to hide where the pockets had been, that it was obliged to retreat from its exposed position and exchange places with one of its side-allies. Again, it had been turned wrong-side out, to hide the general shabbiness of its gathers and plaits. It was just a trifle short, and there was not an inch of surplus silk turned in at the top that could be utilized. But a longer waist would remedy that defect, I thought, hopelessly, looking again at the worn-out bodice, that no art could rejuvenate.

I had, in no mean degree, the talent that, in our New England parlance, is called "faculty." With me it was a tolerable substitute for the wealth that fortune had denied, and it had often kept away the household terrors that grow so fruitfully from unpaid bills. My parents had been "principled," as Yankees say, against debts, and the inheritance of the principle was, with me, a stimulus to "faculty."

My husband's every-day vests were invariably made of the odds and ends left from other garments, and the linings of his study-gowns were like the Scriptural coat of Joseph in the variety of colors brought together. Pantaloons whose legs had been amputated, and sewed on so as to bring the darned knees behind, whose worn-out seats had been carefully

cut out and undarned cloth substituted, but whose whole appearance was, nevertheless, respectable, were considered good enough for home wear; and stockings that had been heeled and toed, and re-footed over and over, kept the clerical feet warm when plodding through the snows of Winter. Our whole wardrobe was in a perpetual struggle to be created anew. Only the Sunday suit, while it remained sacred to Sunday use, was exempt from renovation.

Sometimes, when I see a young minister wearing his best all the week, and carrying in his heart the burden of debt, I wonder if a spice of "faculty" would not ease him. Very likely he would open his eyes with astonishment, and his nose would turn up toward his native heaven, if a pair of new-seated pants were humbly presented for his use; but he would feel more true dignity in them with his debts paid.

Looking back to those days, it seems possible that coats, vests, and pantaloons would have had a more artistic look if they had been fashioned by a skilled tailor, but it is certain that no tailor could or would have made them from the materials used. The pockets might have been put in more smoothly, yet they did very well, so long as there were no unpaid bills in them.

But it was my old silk gown that haunted me. With the waist gone past redemption and a scanty skirt, how could it be made over? In all the chronicles of itinerant make-shifts, I found nothing for a precedent,—no rule to show how to make something out of nothing. Day after day I meditated. I turned the old silk in my mind till every available scrap was worked in, and still there was no waist.

"My dear," said my husband one evening, coming in from a round of pastoral visiting which had given him a circuitous walk of seven miles, "my dear, is tea ready?"

"It will be directly. I am looking over this dress."

"Yes, I see you are. It is getting

to be a steady occupation with you. Aren't you tired of holding it up to the light? Do you find any new points of interest?"

"Do n't laugh at me, please. It could be easily made presentable if it had a decent waist."

"And a skirt," added my husband. "Likewise sleeves. The whole concern has seen its best days; and its last, also, judging from present appearances."

"That is all that you know about such things. Did you not say the same when I proposed to refit the study lounge?"

"Yes. I still look upon that lounge as an embodied miracle. Your works were truly a rebuke to my want of faith. But the result then was a credit to you which will be impossible in this case. Be advised by me. Just pop the old thing into the fire, and come to supper with a peaceful mind."

"O John," I sighed, "how can you talk so?"

"A decent print dress, whole and new, would be far preferable as a matter of taste. You may do what you please to that relic of past ages, and it will be as old as the hills, after all. But give me my tea, Molly, and then you may contemplate it the rest of the evening."

My husband never shared my delight in old things made over. He had a preference for new clothing. If he had been wealthy, he would have insisted on wearing unpatched attire. He especially disliked faded and mended apparel for women. To please his taste, I was accustomed to freshen my afternoon dress with a bit of bright-colored ribbon at the collar, and with simply made white aprons. The old silk found little favor in his eyes.

"What do you mean to do with it?" he asked, after the tea-table was cleared away, and I sat down opposite him with the skirt in my hand.

"What do you think of buying new silk for a waist?" I asked.

"I fancy the contrast would not improve the skirt. Could n't you cut it up into aprons for you, and neckerchiefs for

me?" he suggested, with a sudden inspiration.

"Cut it up? No, indeed. Why, John!"

"Ahem! Let me think again. You might give it away, and so get rid of the whole botheration. That is what I would do with it, Molly."

"Yes," I said, with the least touch of vexation in my voice, "I suppose you would. Very few men know how to economize."

"Is it economy to waste time and strength in worrying over those few yards of old silk, that have already done twice the service that ought to have been required of them? Why, they should have retired to honorable seclusion long ago. Think of the precious hours wasted in studying the exact width and length of each breadth! And the regret over the dilapidated creases thereof! Economy, indeed!"

"John, you do not understand."

"It does not need any understanding to see that you are miserable over that silk. It is an unnecessary grievance, and therefore you have no grace to help you bear it. There is positively a new care-wrinkle on your forehead."

"Ah, you did not talk in this way, sir," I remarked, with some spirit, "when I was making a new vest for you out of the lining of your old cloak."

"No; because you had a foundation to build upon. It did not fret and harass your wits out. It was altogether a different affair from this forlorn old myth. I have reason to prize your skill, Molly, and I am proud of your good taste, but the two united will never make any thing of this ancient—" and, without troubling himself to finish his sentence, John be-took himself to his study, and began at once to make a new sermon out of an old one; with this difference between his work and mine, that *his* material could be expanded indefinitely.

Left to my own devices, I again held up the silk to the light. Strengthened by opposition, I resolved to go to the city for the new silk as soon as possible. So, on

the morrow, after arranging a cold lunch on the table, to serve my husband in the place of dinner, I departed on the early train to my day's work of shopping.

A hard day's work it proved to be; for I found it impossible to match the silk anywhere. I went from one store to another, and vexed the righteous souls of innumerable clerks, who, nevertheless, did their best to oblige me. In texture, in width, and stiffness, or rather limpness, and in the shade of color also, it stood quite by itself. Some of the salesmen examined the fragment that I had brought for a pattern with a quizzical, half-contemptuous smile, and evidently thought it not worth the trouble of matching.

At noon I went into Sprague's Cafe, and sat down to one of the tables with a weary, discouraged feeling. Half a day spent, and nothing accomplished. At first I was too disheartened to glance about me, but listlessly ran over the bill of fare without fixing my attention on it, until one of the waiters asked if he should bring me any thing. After drinking a cup of tea I felt better. People may say and write what they will about tea-drinking, but many a person has been helped along the path of life by the strength and courage found in a tea-cup. I sat down to the table willing to give up my quest, and to resign, also, all further efforts to make over any and every partly worn garment that the future might present to me; I rose up refreshed, ready to attempt fresh victories, and particularly determined to make over that old silk.

As I waited to pay for my lunch, I saw a middle-aged woman sitting at a table near me, whose looks were striking, to say the least. Small gray eyes stood as sentinels over, or rather close to, each side of a nose that was hardly big enough to be called a nose at all. What there was of it was turned up toward the ceiling. High cheek-bones and a thickly pimpled skin, the face broadening about the mouth, which showed a set of protruding teeth of all sizes, that looked like

fancy work. A low narrow forehead, red hair, over which the high and deep front of a purple bonnet stood up, crowded with flowers enough to stock a small garden.

All these charms would doubtless have passed unnoticed, if I had not overheard a remark that she was making to a friend: "I must tell you how I felt the first Sunday I went to church here. Perhaps you do not know that Providence, my native city, is famed for its handsome women. Well, the young girls here were so plain-looking that I could not fix my mind on the sermon. And the elderly women! O my! I never saw such homely creatures in my life."

The person to whom she was speaking was evidently a lady, but her politeness could not stand this. She laughed out in spite of herself, and I joined her with a ringing peal that startled every one near us. Without waiting to apologize, I hurried into the street and walked up and down, until I could recall the scene with tolerable composure.

Then the tug of war recommenced. I was soon convinced that I had undertaken a hopeless mission. I began to listen with respect to the opinions of the clerks. One elderly man ventured to suggest a number of uses to which old silks could profitably be applied, and hinted that it was poor economy to refit them by adding new silk.

"Such garments are never satisfactory, ma'am. I have known many ladies try them, but they were not pleased with the result. You see, they had old dresses after all their trouble."

His manner was kind, and he evidently believed what he said; but I was not convinced. I said I would buy enough for a waist off the piece that looked the nearest like the pattern.

"You will regret it, ma'am," he said, respectfully. "It will have a patchwork look. You had better take enough for a dress."

"That I can not afford," I answered decidedly.

He made no further effort to influence

me, but measured off the amount required, telling me, pleasantly, that it would prove a durable silk, and not break in wearing, like many costlier fabrics.

It cost more than I had expected. In the course of the day, I had seen a great deal of pretty but cheaper material for dresses, that would have furnished a becoming suit for the money I had spent on the silk. I went home with several uneasy queries in my mind, in regard to the fitness of things. And this question crowded out the rest, "Would it be possible to unite my old and new fabrics harmoniously?"

I said nothing about my doubts to my husband, nor did I mention the racking headache that was the result of my anxious search. I gave him a description of the woman who had so amused me at lunch-time by her comical unconsciousness of her own ugliness, as to looks, but I made no complaint of the fatigue that I had endured. I knew that he suspected the truth, and that he was repeating to himself his pet inquiry, "Will it pay?" But he was too kind to add a drop to my cup of tribulation.

It was two days before I was able to cut and fit the dress. I made over the skirt first, so as to retain and bolster up my faith in it. But when I tried on the waist, I put on the skirt also, that I might judge of the general effect. Alas! it was apparent that the elderly clerk was right. "Only patchwork," was his expression. That did not begin to express the discrepancy between the two. My heart sank like lead as I turned around before the glass.

The waist fitted beautifully. From the throat to the belt it was a sight to cheer the heart. It had a crisp, new look, that made me, its wearer, look young and almost handsome. So said my husband, who had been drawn by some mysterious influence from his study, and now stood in the doorway, attentively regarding me.

"That is nice silk," he remarked, approvingly, as he came to my side and softly touched it.

"Yes, yes, I know. But the skirt!" said I, dolefully.

"Ah, yes. There must be a skirt to it, then?"

"Of course. What a goose you are, John! Just look at the old floppy thing."

"It could n't be stiffened as you do your muslins, could it?" he asked, soberly.

"Do n't be stupid." I began to feel touchy. It was as much as I could do to keep from breaking down into a good crying spell. But I was too proud to do that.

"It seems to me to lack vitality," continued he. I did not trust myself to answer. "Never mind, Molly; the waist is beautiful. So far the making over is clear gain. Do n't it strike you in that light?"

The amusement that shone in his eyes was very provoking, and helped me to control myself. "I had no idea," I said, "that any thing could look so forlornly shabby. The new silk is so much money thrown away. I shall never wear it."

"O, yes, you will. I came down to tell you that I am going to take the noon train to the city. Have you any commands?"

"To the city?"

"Yes. Is that so strange? Why, you went in yourself, yesterday."

"But you have said nothing about going."

"No. It is a sudden inspiration. I want a bit of that new silk. You bought it at Perry's, did n't you? How much does it take to make a skirt?"

"John! what are you going to do?"

"I am going to help make over your dress," he answered roguishly; "you have made over the upper part, and it is a credit to you. Never saw you look so well in any thing since you wore your wedding dress. Now I am going to try my hand on the lower part. Between us both it will go hard if the concern does not get made over in good shape."

I made no objection. How could I? My husband's success in the enterprise was quite equal to mine, and that is how my old silk was made over. Afterward, he was fond of bringing it out, and showing it as a proof that old dresses could be made over to look and wear as well as new.

I did n't give up my attempts in the renovating line, because they were often works of necessity; but I never again tried, as my husband expressed it, "to make something out of nothing."

H. C. GARDNER.

MAC CALLUMMORE AND HIS CLAN CAMPBELL.

"At the sight of Dumbarton once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain,
With my claymore hanging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks of barley meal."

ARGYLE.

CUT up into many peninsulas by arms of the sea, with dale and moorland, border holds and grim old castles, cottages of shepherds and houses of yeomen scattered and wandering through its expanse, lies an extensive maritime country, in the west of Scotland, its greatest length being about one hundred and fifteen miles, its breadth sixty,—the largest county, next to Inverness, in the kingdom.

This constitutes the famous Argyleshire, whose first duke (not earl) was created Duke of Argyle, Marquis of Kinntyre and Lorne, Earl of Campbell and Cowell, Viscount of Lochow and Glengis, Lord of Inverary, Mull, and Morveen. Over its wild and picturesque scenery—of lofty mountains, rivers, oceans, precipitous coasts, and deep, indented bays—its gentle hillocks, made bright with a mass of golden blossoms and purple

heather, Sir Walter Scott, and many another gifted brain, has thrown an immortal interest and charm.

Its material side, quite apart from romance, consists in rich copper and lead mines, coal, and fine marble on the hill-sides, and underlying fertile valleys, while sheep and herds of cattle browse above and on the steep declivities. No other shire in Scotland is so prolific in flocks and herds. Nearly a million acres are in permanent pasture; while the Lochs are stocked with herring, salmon, and trout, unrivaled in size, quantity, and delicacy of flavor. Spite of these mundane riches, however, the peasantry are still poor, still a simple-minded, religious people, as when Jeannie Deans made her brave, womanly pilgrimage to Edinburgh, in 1729.

Turning away from the heathen and brutal crowd of kings and courtiers, who for centuries filled England and Scotland with crime and misery beyond compare, our eyes glance restfully toward the noble house of Campbell, on whose escutcheon rests no shade of dishonor, neither of treachery. Far back in the centuries, we find this demesne of Argyle to be the true ancient kingdom of the Scots, while the rest of Caledonia was subject to the Picts and Romans. These were times when the now ruined castles of Iona and Oronsay, when the mysterious dunes and circular forts along the coast, where once roved the "Lords of the Isles," were fresh and young.

As we emerge from the mysticisms of ancient tradition and history of this "land by the sea," we meet, in 1556, within the boudoir of Mary, Queen of Scots, at Holyrood Castle, a woman nearly as beautiful as the young monarch herself, and far more to be envied. She is the queen's half-sister, Jane, Countess of Argyle, who, in 1554, became the wife of Archibald Campbell. The only sister of the Lord James, Earl of Murray, and of Lord Livingstone, natural children of James V, her life has known little of sorrow, anxiety, or depression, for she was tenderly loved by her unfortunate sister

Mary, and adored by husband and brothers.

Almost the only glimpse we get, in after years, of this doughty ancestor, Archibald, is through the rifted lines of battle-ax and spear, of pike and halberd, as he and the chieftains of other clans, in dazzling flash of armor, with John Knox as spiritual leader, contest the arrogant claims of the regent queen-mother, Mary of Guise. Prudent, cautious, wise, but reserved and austere, doing service for his Divine Master against a bigoted and inquisitorial hierarchy of Roman Catholics, we find him, on the return of his sister-in-law,—a widowed queen, amiable and still beautiful, but steeped in all the superstitions of a relentless Catharine de Medici,—organizing, with his confederate Murray, the queen's half-brother, a formal and open rebellion, against whom Mary raised an army, and took the field in opposition to them in person. A terrible and somewhat civil war ensued, when the rebels were finally defeated, and driven out of the country. They were, however, soon recalled, and restored to royal favor, although both were stanch Protestants.

These were the times and seasons when the distant hills and silent glens echoed with the shout and battle-cry, uttered by Argyle, Glencairn, and their westland men, of "Forward, in the name of the Lord!"

The treacherous and wavering policy of the royal rulers of this age, in Scotland, were but the foreshadowings of the long and painful parleyings by which Charles Stuart, the grandson of Mary, convinced his friends and foes of his untruth. So, from the congregation of those who served the Lord, and who called themselves "Lords of the Congregation," at whose head were "my noble Lord James, the young Lord of Lorne, and brave Glencairn, the hope of old Scotland in 1589," we come to another, from the house of Argyle, who, though eager to accomplish bloodless revolution, and often acting as Commissioner for the Crown, resisted its fierce persecution

unto the death. Archibald John, Marquis of Argyle, succeeded to the earldom in 1638. Strong in a religious principle that marked his whole life, he yet sustained that most perilous of all unions, that of attachment to the king, and of a faith against which the king made continual war. In 1638, he openly took the side of the General Assembly at Glasgow; thus allying himself with the persecuted Huguenots. From thenceforth he was recognized as their political head. Anxious for peaceful negotiation, he was yet necessitated to command military expeditions through Badenoch, Athol, Mar and Angus, to enforce subjection to the Scottish Parliament, and was finally compelled to take the field against the king. In 1644, he dispersed the royalist forces under the Earl of Huntley, in Aberdeenshire; and, in return, he saw his army nearly exterminated by the genius of Montrose, at Inverlochy. His estates ravaged by the brilliant Prince Rupert, his exchequer empty, so that a sum of public money was voted for his support, he still held fast by the faith; and, in time, even the whole government of Scotland devolved on Argyle and a few Presbyterian leaders.

Strange anomaly! — when, in 1649, Charles II was proclaimed king, Argyle was selected to place the crown on that monarch's head, which event took place at Scone the 1st of January, 1651. At this time a union between the house of Argyle and the blood-royal of England came to be discussed, when, it is said, the complaisant Charles intended to marry one of the earl's daughters. It required, however, two centuries of further progress and republican common sense to effect this new departure from an old and imperiously rigid rule.

Adhering always to his king, Argyle repelled with vigor Cromwell's invasion of Scotland, and even after its subjection he held out at Inverary, where he had retired, for a year against Cromwell's troops. Steady in his loyalty, as in his religion, he refused submission to the Protector to the last; and falling sick, he

was taken prisoner, and released on his solemn promise to live peaceably.

On the Restoration, he repaired to Whitehall, encouraged by a flattering letter to his son, only to find himself impeached for submission to that usurper toward whom he had stoutly refused allegiance. He was committed to the Tower, and, in February, brought before the Scottish Parliament on charge of treason. A true gentleman and unwavering Christian to the end, he yet defended himself with spirit, and in vain; for he was executed at Edinburgh on the 27th of May, 1661, having, it is said, displayed through the whole trial the dignity of a nobleman and devout soldier.

The same personal accomplishments and grand bravery of the distinguished father fell to the lot of his son Archibald, who, loyal to the king, became so obnoxious to Parliament that no end of harassing persecutions attended the nobleman, even after a temporary submission to its arrogant demands. Twice condemned to death, he had been saved, first by the influence of Clarendon, and afterward by the devotion of his wife, who assisted him to escape from Edinburgh Castle in the disguise of a page. After a short concealment in the vicinity of London, he fled to Holland, but, unfortunately, returned to co-operate with Monmouth in his revolt. A series of misfortunes followed, and he was taken prisoner, hastily tried, condemned, and beheaded in 1685.

John Campbell, the succeeding Duke of Argyle, a soldier, a politician, a prominent courtier during the reign of Queen Anne and her successor, "shook alike the senate and the field." His popularity in his own country was immense, which feeling merged into a wild idolatry after his spirited and splendid defense of the city of Edinburgh in regard to the Porteous mob. Few names, perhaps, deserve more honorable mention in the history of Scotland, during this period, than that of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. Free from falsehood and dissimulation, his voice was always raised, whether in

office or opposition, for those measures which were at once just and lenient. His independent and somewhat haughty mode of expressing himself in Parliament and acting in public were ill calculated to attract royal favor, and his popularity with a discontented and warlike people was a source of jealousy at court; yet, though not a favorite of the king, his consort, or minister, he was always respected and often employed.

Spite of all this esteem and affection of his untainted honor and clannish pride, John of Argyle would have been forgotten, along with the host of other statesmen, nobles, and orators, his predecessors and contemporaries, had not the fertile brain of the unknown author of "Waverley" brought forth, in due time, that sweet, pathetic, and true idyl, "The Heart of Midlothian." No picture was ever more graphic and pure, in any history of peer or peasant, than the following interview, as given us by Sir Walter:

"The Duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him that a country girl from Scotland was desirous of speaking with his grace.

"'A country girl from Scotland!' said the Duke. 'What can have brought the silly fool to London? Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then nobody to manage the matter but Mac Callummore. Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences. However, show our country-woman up, Archibald; it is ill manners to keep her in attendance.'

"A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sunburnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library. She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humored face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and

her sense of the Duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeannie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class, but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness which we often find united with that purity of mind of which it is a natural emblem.

"She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom without uttering a syllable. The Duke of Argyle advanced toward her; and if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress, decorated with the orders which had been so deservedly bestowed on him, his courteous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he on his part was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble country-woman.

"'Did you wish to speak with me, my bonnie lass?' said the Duke, using the encouraging epithet which at once acknowledged the connection betwixt them as country folk; 'or did you wish to see the Duchess?'

"'My business is with your honor, my lord—I mean, your lordship's grace;' for it must be noticed that this matter of addressing the Duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeannie by her London friend, the worthy snuff merchant, Mrs. Glan.

"The Duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability: 'Never mind my grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scot's tongue in your head.'

"'Sir, I am muckle obliged. Sir, I am the sister of that unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh.'

"'Ah!' said the Duke, 'I have heard of that unhappy story, I think,—a case of child-murder; under a special act of Parliament.'

"'And I was come up frae the north,

sir, to see what could be done for her, in the way of getting a reprieve, or pardon, sir, or the like of that.'

"'Alas! my poor girl,' said the Duke, 'you have made a long and a sad journey to very little purpose. Your sister is ordered for execution.'

"'But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her, if it is in the king's pleasure,' said Jeannie.

"'Certainly there is,' said the Duke; 'but that is purely in the king's breast. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of sisterly affection, to offer against all this? What is your interest? What friends have you at court?'

"'None, excepting God and your grace,' said Jeannie, still keeping her ground resolutely.

"'Alas!' replied the Duke, 'I could almost say, with old Ormond, that there could not be any whose influence was smaller with king and ministers. But candor and plain dealing is in the power of every one, and I must not let you imagine that I have any influence or means to avert your sister's fate; it would only make your distress the heavier. Your sister must die.'

"'We must a' die, sir,' said Jeannie; 'it is our common doom for our fathers' transgression; but we should not hasten ilk other out o' the world; that's what your honor kens better than me.'

"'My good young woman,' said the Duke, mildly, 'we are all apt to blame the law under which we suffer; but you seem to be well educated in your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man that the murderer shall surely die.'

"'But, sir, Effie—that is my poor sister, sir—can na be proved to be a murderer; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then?'

"'I am no lawyer,' said the Duke; 'and, I own, I think the statute a very severe one.'

"'You are a law-maker, sir, with your leave; and therefore ye have power over the law.'

"'Not in my own individual capacity,' said the Duke; 'though, as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. Do you not know that I have small personal influence with the sovereign? What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?'

"'It was yourself, sir.'

"'Myself?' he replied; 'I am sure you have never seen me before.'

"'No, sir; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is his country's friend; and that ye fight for the right and speak for the right, and there's nane like you in our present Israel; and so they that think themselves wrang'd draw to refuge under your shadow; and if ye wunna stir to save the life of an innocent country-woman of your ain, what should we expect frae Southerns and strangers? And may be I had another reason for troubling your honor.'

"'And what is that?' said the Duke.

"'I ha'e understood from my father that your honor's house, and especially, your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honored to gie his testimony, baith in the cage and in the pillory, as is specially mentioned in the books of Peter Walker, the packman, that I dare say your honor kens, for he uses maist partly the westland tongue of Scotland. And, sir, there's ane that takes concern in me, that wished me to gang to your grace's presence, for his gudesire had done your gracious gudesire some good turn, as ye will see frae these papers.'

"With these words she delivered to the Duke the little parcel which she had received from the teacher, Butler. He opened it and in the envelope read, with some surprise, 'Muster roll of the men serving in the troop of that godly gentleman, Capt. Salathiel Bangtext: Obadiah Muckleston, Sin-despise Double-knock, Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn-to-the-right Thwackaway.'

"'What, then, is all this? A list of Praise-God Barebone's Parliament, I think, or of old Noll's evangelical army. What does all this mean, my girl?'

"It was the other paper, sir," said Jeannie, abashed at her mistake.

"O, this is my unfortunate grandfather's hand, sure enough."

"I do conjure my friends, tenants, kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me, either in the Highlands or the Lowlands, to protect and assist Benjamin Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, who, under God's blessing, saved my life from four English troopers who were about to slay me,—and his friends or family on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply, as may correspond with the benefit he has bestowed on me; witness my hand."

"LORNE."

"This Benjamin Butler, was he your grandfather? You seem too young to have been his daughter."

"He was nae akin to me, sir,—he was grandfather to ane—to a neighbor's son—to a sincere weel-wisher of mine, sir," dropping her little courtesy as she spoke.

"Sit down in that chair, my good girl," said the Duke, smiling, "while I glance over these papers."

"She obeyed, and watched with the utmost anxiety each change in his countenance, as he cast his eye through the papers, marking several passages as being the most important, and in a shorter time than can be supposed possible by men of ordinary talents. At length he rose, after a few moment's deep reflection. 'Young woman,' said he, 'your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one.'

"God bless you, sir, for that very word," said Jeannie.

"It seems contrary to British law to take that for granted which is not proved, or to punish with death for a crime which, for aught the prosecutor knows, has never been committed at all."

"God bless you, sir," again said Jeannie, who had risen from her seat, and with clasped hand, eyes glittering through tears, and features which trembled with anxiety, drank in every word which the Duke uttered.

"But, alas! my poor girl," he contin-

ued, "what good will my opinion do you unless I can impress it upon those in whose hands is placed your sister's life?"

"O, but, sir, what seems reasonable to your honor will certainly be the same to them," answered Jeannie.

"I do not know that," replied the Duke. "Ilka man buckles his belt his ain gate;" but you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain. Leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me to-morrow or next day. Be ready to come to me at a moment's warning,—and, by the by, you will please to be dressed just as you are at present."

"I wad hae putten on a cap, sir," said Jeannie, "but your honor kens it is not the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged that being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your grace's heart wad warm to the tartan, looking at the corner of her shawl."

"You judged quite right," said the Duke. "I know the full value of the snood; and Mac Callummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it when it does *not* warm to the tartan. Now go away, and don't be out of the way when I send."

Jeannie replied, "There is little fear of that, sir, for I have little heart to go to see sights amang this wilderness of black houses. But if I might say to your gracious honor, that if ever ye condescend to speak to any ane that is of greater degree than yoursel', tho' may be it isn't civil in me to say sae, just if you would think, there can be nae sic odds between you and them, as between poor Jeannie Deans from St. Leonard's and the Duke of Argyle; and so dinna be chappit back or cast down wi' the first rough answer."

"I am not apt," said the Duke, "to mind rough answers much. Do not hope too much from what I have promised. I will do my best, but God has the hearts of kings in his own hand."

And as Jeannie courtesied reverently, and withdrew from this interview, we would like to follow her, as seated by the side of the Duke of Argyle a few days

subsequent, the carriage rolling rapidly onward through fertile meadows, ornamented with splendid old oaks, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in the utmost luxuriance, while the practical mind of his companion remarked :

" It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here; but I like just as weel to look at the crags of Arthur's Seat."

We would like to follow her to the presence of majesty herself, Queen Caroline, who, at first smiling and amused at the awe-struck manner of the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman, was subdued at length to an earnest sympathy, as tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, and, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause, with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

We can not longer tarry, however, in these realms of romance, woven so deftly by a master mind from stern realities; but come back once more to more prosaic history. Argyle died in September, 1743, and, on reviewing his character, we find, perhaps, more selfish principle to condemn than in his predecessors of the name. But he was an Argyle still in shrewd talent, in his kindness and his courtesy. The benevolence that characterized him at all times won him the title of Grand Duke; and jealous as royalty was of his influence, he was yet invested with the highest honors of the kingdom.

With the preceding representative of the house of Campbell, passed away the old *régime*, to give place to a generation with new ideas, purposes, and administration, in a far more peaceful era, leaving to modern pens the privilege of writing their epitaphs. The preceding were days, when, for refusing to take the oath of supremacy, men, women, and children were arrested at their firesides, herded together like cattle, driven at the point of the bayonet, amid the gibes and scoffs of soldiers, and thrust promiscuously into dark vaults of castles,—smothered in filth and

mire; a prey to pestilence, disease, and every malignity that brutality could inflict, and who died unpitied,—days when victims, escaping down steep rocks, were often recaptured, and subjected to shocking torture.

" People in gilded houses, on silken couches, at ease among books, and friends, and literary pastimes, may sneer at the Covenanters,—those heroes who trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there were none with them. But these are they which, sown in weakness, are raised in power; who are sown in dishonor to be raised in glory. Even in this world they will have their judgment-day; and their names, which went down in the mire, shall rise again all glorious in the dust, like a gallant banner trodden in the sight of nations. To our heart's core, we feel a sympathy with that high endurance which led so many Scottish ministers and nobles to forsake their church, their salaries, their castles, and their homes,—houses where their children were born, and their happiest days passed, rather than violate a principle. When, in a deep hollow of the mountain side, trembling old men, gentle women, and the high-born aristocrats, huddled together for an hour of hushed, prayerful repose, feeling that they were safe beneath the shadow of their Redeemer, and glad to rally round the cross of their Lord."

Of the present representatives of the clan Campbell, the most conspicuous are George John Douglas, Duke of Argyle, and his son the Marquis of Lorne. The former, born in 1823, succeeded his father in 1847, and stands high in favor with the popular mind.

It is said that there had been an old prophecy, uttered somewhere upon the Highlands, that a very good Duke of Argyle was to arise, having *red hair*, and that the present Duke had verified the prediction by uniting both requisites. " Within his small, slight figure," writes one, " lies a great deal of energy and acuteness of mind, and with the same generous and noble traits which have distinguished his

house in former times. A member of the National Church, and believed to be a serious and religious man." At nineteen years old, a pamphlet from his pen, entitled "A Letter to the Peers, from a Peer's Son," on the struggle of the Scottish Church, evinced unusual ability.

Seven years subsequent, he entered the same field, by the publication of his "Essay on Presbytery," which contains an elaborate historical vindication of the Presbyterian system against Prelacy. When taking his seat in the House of Peers, he soon gave proof of oratorical eloquence, of mature judgment, and ready powers on all subjects, which commanded the admiration of the whole Parliament. He is one of the noblemen, Mrs. Stowe says, who have been willing to come forward and make use of their education and talents in the way of popular lectures, at Lyceums and Athenæums; as have also the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Carlisle; which she considers, with all deference to poetry and romance, a better occupation than to head a clan in battle; though a century and a half ago, had the thing been predicted to Mac Callummore's old harper, he would have been greatly at a loss to comprehend the transaction.

In his mansion at Inverary, which Queen Victoria, in her Journal, describes as a "castle square, with turrets at the corners, surrounded by pine woods, and, straight before you, a fine range of mountains splendidly lit up;" and Mrs. Stowe calls "more like an Italian villa than an ancient feudal castle, situate on a green, velvet-like peninsula, that stretches out into the widening waters," the Duke and his beautiful Duchess,—once considered the most lovely lady, next to her mother, the Duchess of Sutherland, in the whole united kingdom of Great Britain,—dispense their grand hospitalities and Christian beneficences, leading, it is said, a most rational, contented, and happy life. Elected, some years ago, Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, he will transmit to the present Marquis of Lorne a legacy of peace, purity, and mental

force, which none of his ancestors exceeded, or, in the troublous era in which they lived, could enjoy.

To the Lord of Lorne our first introduction comes through his august sovereign, in this wise: "Outside the house, among the pipers, who had walked before the carriage, stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, fat, white, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother: he is such a merry, independent little child! He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporan,' scarf, and Highland bonnet."

We are quite oblivious of his nursery training, his school-days, his college curriculum, until, twenty-nine years after this first charming notice of the infant boy, he again comes prominently before us as the betrothed lover of the young Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fourth daughter. The celebration of this courtly wedding excites the general interest, not only of England, but of almost every other nation, and is looked upon as an important historical event, as it is the first instance for some five centuries—since the reign of Edward III—of the daughter of a living crowned head marrying a subject. "So strict are the rules, indeed, that hedge in the divinity of royalty in England, that for the last century the consent of the sovereign has been held necessary to the legality of a marriage between any member of the royal family and a subject." The Princess is reputed to be a young lady of literary and artistic taste, and very estimable in character, and has exhibited a vast deal of common sense in setting at naught the prejudices of a meaningless conventionality by marrying the man of her choice. But we know that the Crown-Princess of Prussia could not forgive her sister, when, three years ago, she became the Marchioness of Lorne; and rumor in the present asserts that this eldest son of the Duke of Argyle,—"than whom," writes the *London Times*, "there are few noblemen in this country more highly esteemed,"—is often "snubbed"

by his German and royal relatives, while the rank of his Princess Louise entitles her to take precedence of the house of Argyle. This may not be a pleasant fact in the present to the future duke, but he ought to derive comfort in the reflection that his family shone pre-eminent in historic ages, when the name of Guelph was scarce heard; that he belongs to the districts that sent forth Bruce and Wallace, and which have never been known to give degenerate representatives in any emergency; that his inheritance is the pure Lollard doctrine of a righteous life, and an earnest, courageous pressing forward toward the highest good. The career of the Marquis of Lorne can never resemble those border gentlemen, his ancestors, in the north of Scotland, whose whole lives were one long fight with freebooters; but it promises to be a stirring and pleasant one, since the numerous family of his father, the Duke of Argyle, will soon be so composed as to include, within its widely extended limits, members of almost every grade in society; from himself, as son-in-law to the Queen of England, belonging to royalty; through

his two brothers, connected with the wholesale commerce of the country; and, through one sister-in-law, with the laboring classes,—the father of Miss Milne being a rich manufacturer, who began life as a workman. To his children he can rehearse the glorious days of martyrdom of the year 1661, in Scotland, when, in May of that year, the Marquis of Argyle was beheaded; and, during the space of eight months, there were some eighteen thousand, one way or another, murdered; “of whom were executed, at Edinburgh, about one hundred noblemen, ministers and gentlemen, noble martyrs for Christ.” And, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, he can tell them that “the peasantry of Scotland continue to attach to the tombs of these victims, many of them mere moss-grown graves, an honor which they do not render to more splendid mausoleums; and when they point them out to their sons, and narrate the fate of the sufferers, usually conclude by exhorting them to be ready, should the times call for them, to resist to the death in the cause of civil and religious liberty, like their brave forefathers.”

E. S. MARTIN.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ARTISAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LONG time has elapsed since this journal of my recollections was interrupted. The written lines on the last page have had time to fade, and I have become like them imperceptibly. The grosser walls are still solid, but the building has lost its air of youth.

Genevieve herself is no longer what she was. Wrinkles have made their appearance in the corners of her eyes. Happily, there remains to her what has always made the household cheerful,—good health and a pure heart. Besides, if we are somewhat brought low, others near us have risen up; children are here,

and they have replaced us. It is for them now to enjoy the brilliant sunshine. Life resembles a ball: when people are too old to dance, they can look at others, and their delight makes your own heart laugh.

This is the maxim of Genevieve. At each pleasure lost, she consoles herself with the pleasures of her daughters and her young lad. Their sound teeth replace the teeth that are lacking to her, and their black locks prevent her looking at her gray ones.

Men who live alone know nothing of this happiness. The whole world seems

to decline in proportion to themselves, and all things below are buried in their own graves. But, for him who has a family around him, nothing ever ends, for all life begins anew. Children perpetuate it even until the last judgment! In my desponding hours I have sometimes asked, What profit can one find in living at all? Now, I know at least one reason. It is to be able to grow old with impunity. To youth it costs dear, every moment, to perform well its duty; it finds the task heavy and the day long. But later in life, when age has somewhat chilled the blood, we gather what we have sown. Our efforts at right-doing are paid back to us in a good reputation, in competence, in security, and our well-being itself comes as a certificate of honor. Then the family is thus to benefit by reminiscences of our past years, who receive with a kind of delight the recital of all our old miseries. If there were no other reward, this would be sufficient; and of that which God demands from us we can easily quit our hold.

For my own part, I would reclaim nothing from him that he has taken. Beholding the children who have grown up without misfortune, who love us, and who have a bright hope in life, what can we ask more?

Jacques is the best master-companion in the country. It will most likely be proved that he is not the worst of master-builders. Yesterday he placed the flag-staff of success on the small viaduct, whose construction had been intrusted entirely to him; and the engineer, who never praises except at the last extremity, had to avow that the work was well done. As for Marianne, she has for several months taken the place of her mother in the bleaching establishment. Genevieve declares that every thing has gone on better since the daughter has mingled among the other girls. The work-women sing in a louder key, and do not labor with less force. There is nothing like youth to know how to season hard work with jollity.

God be praised for having led them

both, our children, in the right way! For a little time I trembled, knowing that they also had their temptations; Jacques above all, who came near turning into another road, and thus escaping from us.

His studies had given him a taste for books; and, still young, whatever money he could gather went always to the hawkers from booksellers' shops. Every year he added a new pine shelf to his library. His mother sometimes complains much of the expense, and I found fault with the time stolen from the work-yard, for reading. But the one grumbling below, and the other above, did nothing toward altering the lad's habits. In fact, I had little strength to blame him,—I, who had always felt kind of a veneration for printed paper. Those mute pages, which make speech permanent, which cause it to resound to the ends of the world, which transmit to all nations the ideas of a single individual, seem to me to possess something peculiarly sacred. I can not see an old almanac destroyed without irritation, and I touch with respect the day-books, with their large written characters, belonging to the small grocer. Jacques had without doubt inherited some of my superstitions, for one could never find him without a book in his hand or in his pocket. The work did not go on any the better for it. Whilst he read Racine, our workmen sported at the public-house! Meanwhile, I exercised patience. After all, it was the smallest of faults, in one of his age.

I left him, therefore, to spend his days behind shady thickets, stretched on the grass, like an ancient shepherd, and intoxicating himself alike with poetry or prose. I hoped that at length the taste would pass from him; but, so far from this, he even began to compose articles himself, and before long he had as many manuscripts as printed volumes on his shelves. I still kept my eyes closed to it. Experience had taught me that enforced authority against certain tastes often had the same effect as wind against a sail, which, instead of arresting its motion, only accelerates its onward

speed. Jacques, perceiving my complicity, resolved to profit by it. At first, he was content if he pilfered a few hours, like other unfaithful workmen. But, little by little, he abandoned entirely the work-room and yard, laid his trowel on a shelf, and buried himself among his papers.

Genevieve had always blamed my patience, constantly reiterating that the lad was running to ruin. Before long she passed from fear to despair. I tried several times to renew some former friendships which Jacques had heretofore valued; but, little by little, even to these he became a stranger, and would take no interest in them. He no longer blushed to leave all the work to me, nor seemed to reproach himself for it. Evidently the ear of his conscience was becoming very hard. I felt the necessity of explaining myself to him, but always lacked the propitious moment.

For some weeks Jacques had appeared even more preoccupied than usual. He wrote long letters, and seemed awaiting their answers. One finally arrived with a Paris stamp. On receiving it he could scarcely restrain an exclamation of joy. He opened it hastily, looked at the signature, and fled away to read it. I entered at that same instant. Genevieve was still standing on the door-sill, paying the postman. She took me aside to recount, in a low voice, what had happened. The poor woman could comprehend nothing of this mystery, and trembled, not knowing why. She pointed out Jacques to me, at the lower end of the garden, reading, in a subdued voice, his letter, accompanied by gestures of delight, laughing to himself, and racing like an idiot among the sorrel-beds. I was not less curious than Genevieve to know the meaning of the enigma; but I had returned home in company with the new marker, established, the evening before, over the works, by the engineer-in-chief; and it became necessary to put off the explanation until later.

My companion was a young man of better appearance than his comrades, but whose depressed manner and shabby

garments explained his present position. He was evidently the son of a citizen educated for something different, and whom misfortune had brought low. Touched by his sadness and gentle mien, I begged him to share our supper, and we then entered together into the small reception-room. Jacques had here ornamented his library with delicately painted wood, and placed therein his most beautiful volumes. At sight of them M. Ducor made a slight movement of surprise, and set himself to examine the books with the air of a connoisseur. The lad entered a moment after. It seemed to me he had grown six inches. His face was radiant. M. Ducor complimented him on the selection of volumes, and they then commenced speaking to each other of their merits. The new overseer seemed to have been a wanderer. He had lived in Paris, and let us see, during the conversation, that he even knew several of the authors of the boy's books. This gained him, on a sudden, the eternal friendship of Jacques. During supper the only subjects proposed were romances, either in prose or verse. M. Ducor would have been content with simply answering the questions, but our boy could not wait. Never had I seen him so fascinated. Genevieve looked at me with a disquieted and surprised air, as if asking me if Jacques had the fever. I did not myself know too well what to believe, and waited with impatience for the moment which might clear up the mystery. As we finished our repast, some one came to settle up an account.

I passed into the little glass cabinet which joined on to the saloon, and Genevieve resumed the household duties with Marianne. The young men were thus left alone together. I turned over the leaves of my account-book, without interesting myself, at first, in their conversation. But, little by little, their voices, which had fallen to a subdued yet earnest tone, induced me to take heed of what they were saying. I raised a corner of the curtain to see within the little saloon. Jacques and M. Ducor were leaning on

their elbows, seated on each side of the table, talking in so intimately confidential a way, that their heads seemed almost to touch as they leaned forward. The former, Jacques, was very red with excitement, and his eyes burned like stars.

"The matter is now decided," said he to the superintendent. "I have endured the labor of a workshop too long already; it has made me gloomy and dissatisfied. I desire to follow my true vocation, and go to Paris—"

"As a writer?" asked M. Ducor.

"And make my way, like so many others," replied the lad. "We are no longer fitted for the place, when workmen have hands soldered to their tools. The door is now opened to the wide world."

"The hinderance still remains outside," objected the superintendent, smiling with a sad expression.

"I know! I know!" replied Jacques, with a little impatience. "But one feels for himself, do you see? And then I have some person now to press me onward. Until yesterday I hesitated; this evening I am decided."

The marker did not reply immediately; he toyed with a crumb of bread on the table and appeared pensive. Suddenly he raised his head:

"Thus you renounce your present condition," said he, very deliberately; "you will recommence, in lonely solitude, a life which you do not know, and for which nothing has prepared you; you expect, down there, to make a strike with the votaries of fortune and renown?"

"What should prevent me?" demanded Jacques, in a resolute tone.

"My example!" replied M. Ducor, with animation. "I also believed myself called to a vocation, and attempted to prove it! Notwithstanding my present situation, as you see it, believe me, I have had one drama actually performed, one volume printed, several articles in journals, that elicited eulogies on my talent, and gave me what is called success! For three years I trod the fashionable

saloons of Paris, a pauper in white kids; I ate my dry bread, seasoned with promises; I waited patiently until time had worn out my last hope with my last coat."

"And you had to leave Paris finally?" said the lad.

"To become what you see me to-day," replied the overseer. "Ah! this astonishes you, does it not? You can scarcely believe it. But I have the proofs. Hold, this one, which announces my reception among the society of literary men, contains, also, autographs of the great men of our day; . . . without reckoning on those that I have sold, to obtain my daily bread; . . . a note from the minister of public instruction, announcing a remittance of fifty francs, accorded to my literary merit. Here is the paragraph. It may in truth be called a certificate of glory, to satisfy a hungry stomach. Ah! here is the letter to which I owe all my misfortunes. Look! It is an answer to the one that inclosed my first manuscript."

Jacques read the signature aloud, which was that of De —. At this celebrated name he gave a start.

"You can read on," continued M. Ducor. "The letter will make you understand how, after receiving it, I was incited to quit the little office which I occupied, from the fancy that my true place was in Paris. I did not yet know that the encouragements of many illustrious savants resembled the spurious counters used in theaters, which credulous simpletons alone take for gold."

While the young man was speaking, Jacques glanced through the paper which had been given him, and I saw that his face changed color. At length he paused in his reading, with some exclamation, fumbled in his pocket, and drew from it the letter which he had himself received before supper, and began to compare, in a low voice, the two renderings. They were repetitions of the same praises, and the same offers of service, expressed with the same enthusiasm. The great poet, to whom I then learned that Jacques had

remitted one of his works, as M. Ducor had done at an earlier day, responded to both in the same terms. His brevets of immortality were only a formula, like certificates of good health and proper manner! Jacques could not conceal his mortification, but the overseer only smiled:

"We have received the same passport," said he, ironically. "I know where mine has conducted me; you can see where yours will lead you. At a distance these gentlemen declare that we are stars; but, nearer, they treat us like dingy lamps. The praises, which we take for prophecies, are, in their eyes, only a necessary courtesy. They return to us a trifle, in moneyed coin, for our admiration, and flatter each one, that they may, in turn, be flattered by all the world. These are simply advocates, who, promising always a final gain in the course of law, thus preserve their clients. It has given me experience; now it is your turn."

Jacques still preserved silence. Both letters were opened before him, and his eye rested alternately on each. He no longer exhibited an air of triumph; his expression was downcast, and somewhat irritated. After a while, he began once more to question the overseer, but with less confidence; and his companion recounted, in detail, his three years of literary Bohemianism, as he called them. It was a long succession of bankrupt hopes, and sufferings which he tried to conceal. The unfortunate man had dwelt with disappointments and humiliations; buttoning his coat, even to the throat, over his misery, he had mounted to the third story of a dwelling, then to the Mansard; from the Mansard to the loft. Flying at first from hunger; then hunger seizing upon him, and then creditors! The history was so lamentable, and told with an accent of so much truth, that Jacques was perceptibly agitated. Meanwhile, he still read on. If the overseer had not succeeded, perhaps the fault lay in himself alone. Did he merit, in the same degree as our young

son, the eulogies which encouraged him? It is only after examining the work that one can judge of the non-success of the workman!

M. Ducor, without doubt, divined the objection, and promised to bring, on his first visit, the volume which he had published; but, at the mention of the title, Jacques recognized one of his favorite books, the one which he had lately proposed to himself as a model, and whose author had often excited within him a feeling of envy!

This discovery was like a true dramatic stroke. After the astonishment and felicitations came the disappointment. The author of the much admired volume—could it really be himself, standing under their very eyes? Could it be, that, with talent such as he, Jacques, scarcely hoped to attain, his companion had been so miserably stranded? All his illusions were trampled under foot, all his plans overturned! He conversed for a long time with the young poet, questioning him fully about this life of an author, which had appeared so fair in the distance. There, where he had dreamed only of celebrity, independence, riches, leisure, the poor marker showed him persecution, slavery, indigence, and perplexing work. Animated by the remembrance of what he had suffered, he spoke with an eloquence which made me tremble.

At parting, he took the two hands of Jacques, and, pressing them in his own, said, with affectionate warmth: "Reflect and look well at what you would leave, which is secured to you, for an uncertainty that would follow you down there. You have a family that loves you, habits which have become second nature, a good trade, learned from infancy; and you wish to sacrifice all these for strangers, of whom you would be the dupe, customs which would straiten and cramp you always, a profession for which you have not been raised? What could you seek in Paris? Happiness? You have it here. Pleasures of worldly pride? Pray God never to grant them to you! It is the

evil of our times, do you not see? The whole universe desires a name that shall be preserved in print. To labor with one's hands is esteemed a disgrace. We see, on every side, persons deserting honest labor, in trying to fly toward art, as, in other times, the low-bred sought to worm themselves into the court circle. But do you know what I would wish to do, if it had been my good fortune to learn, early in life, as you have done, to strengthen my arm by labor? I would remain where Heaven placed me, first from prudence; then from an honest pride and self-devotion. I would place my own knowledge at the service of my companions in labor; I would show them how one can bring intelligence into the work of one's hands; I would teach them to find in it satisfaction of mind, as a recompense for the fatigues of the body; I would aid them, according to my ability, in elevating their natures, and giving them thus a hungering after the ideal; I would consecrate my life to the effort of rendering them my equals, so that I should no longer stand isolated among them. This is your true duty. Let not education be a door closed behind you, by which you desert your brothers, who stand without. Make it rather a ladder, which you have prepared for them to rise to your level. Think of it, Monsieur Jacques. In Paris you would be simply like the conscript of an army, which has its full complement of officers; here you can be the captain and instructor of a battalion which stands in need of chiefs. Believe me, it is better to elevate your class, rather than dis-classify yourself. We can not change our life as the boy does his playthings. Wherever habit and affection has placed us, *there* is our safety. One ought never to quit lightly the spot where one has been happy, where we have been loved; the heart ought to render a sacred return for what it receives."

As he said these words, in an agitated voice, the engineer bowed to Jacques and went out. I longed to run after and embrace him, for what he had said af-

fected me as much as it did the young lad.

I passed the whole night without closing my eyes. Separated from Jacques by a thin partition, I could hear him walking back and forth, sighing to himself in a mournful way; and as for myself, my heart was almost stifled with emotion. I felt that his destiny was being decided at that moment, and also, in part, that of Genevieve and mine. For what would become of us without our son? If Marianne was the gay bird of the house, he was its strength and hope in the future. What each added day was carrying away from me, we found again in him. Until this hour the house had really possessed two heads. When the older and more feeble gave out, the younger was there to regulate all. But if he left, what would become of all that I had proposed? What would become of him in the midst of the dangers of which the marker had warned him? Then I thought of the broken heart of Genevieve; for Jacques was her most tender favorite, as Marianne had been mine, and each had thus his specific happiness, amid the general household joy. With the boy absent, the balance would be destroyed.

I meditated over all this, my heart swelling with anguish, and I understood, moreover, that to influence the will of Jacques would be to give him a chance for regret, an avenue of return! It was essential that he be left to decide for himself; then the decision would be without appeal! I waited, then, through the weary hours, with a torment of heart felt by a man going to judgment. At the first streak of dawn, Jacques arose. He whistled softly to himself, as was his custom when seriously thinking upon a subject. I followed with quickened ear all his movements. He descended the staircase without noise and opened the hall door. I lifted the curtain cautiously, to see the route he would take. . . . Ah! I thought that my heart would burst with its great joy. . . . He was dressed in his working costume, and carried on his shoulder the hammer and trowel. I ran

to Genevieve, crying out: "We are saved! the boy comprehends it all."

Since then, matters connected with our work have gone on of themselves. Jacques has turned his self-glorification over the ship's side. Without renouncing his books, they have become only a recreation. Applying his heart to his trade, he has become the best workman in the country. No person can form a better estimate of things at first glance, and no mathematician, however correct, can make up calculations more rapidly. With these advantages he is also a social companion, having a laughing word for those around him, but the firm hand to guide when necessary,—a veritable leader of men and who knows how to pass on, after guiding others. Marianne is always the same good daughter, who sings, who laughs, who runs about, who embraces you, and who in the end brings all to her will, yet appearing quite innocent of doing any thing. It seems to me, as I look at her, that I see her mother, just as I knew her for the first time. Wherever she is, there we find something like a ray from the sun. The great Nicholas, our superintendent, has noticed

it also. He is a brave workman, for whom we can easily find a place in the family. But I say nothing, and let every thing go on its own course. To-day he has gone, with all our household world, to an assemblage of the villagers; and that is the reason why I am quite alone at this hour, and why I have been led on to write these pages.

This will be the last, for the remainder of the desk is reserved only for accounts. My pen touches the end of the white paper. I must bid farewell to my old adventures of the past, but not to the remembrances which they have left to me. These memories, I have them here, all around me, living and transformed, but always present. It is at first Genevieve, it is the little girl and boy, it is comfortable living within and a good reputation without. When I shall have nothing left to relate, we can read it all here. The confessions of laborers are oftenest written on their own domestic life. They will be sad or joyous, peaceful or wretched, according as they have taken life on its good or bad side. As for all men, old age is what youth and a ripe middle age have made it. **FROM THE FRENCH.**

"THE CITY OF GOD."

WE allude to an episode in the life of St. Augustine. The period is the reign of the pusillanimous Honorius, who still kept up the shadow of Roman imperialism at Ravenna. The former mistress of the world, the city of the seven hills, had just fallen into the hands of the rude Goth Alaric and of his barbarous hordes. It was a terrible stroke to the Romans. Though utterly corrupt and effeminate, they still retained their ancient personal and national vanity. They felt themselves still the countrymen of Caesar, of Vespasian, of Trajan. They still trusted in the

prestige of the Roman eagles, of the Roman name. Though barbarous hordes had long been pressing in upon them, and steadily gaining ground, they were utterly unprepared for the actual downfall of their ancient capital. Hence, when the preposterous event did take place, when they saw a barbarian banner float from their ancient temples; their amazement, their chagrin, were utter and boundless.

In their shame and despair, they attributed their calamities to any thing but the true source. At heart they were still, for the most part, pagan. They readily

persuaded themselves, therefore, that the cause of their misfortunes was Christianity; and, in this persuasion, they poured upon it a storm of impotent wrath. This unjust wrath was the occasion of one of the finest books ever written. The Church had many able champions; but this occasion called for the best. St. Augustine took up his pen.

This father was now near sixty, and in the full maturity of his powers. His life-work was largely done. After tasting the emptiness and bitterness of the world, he had found rest and peace in Christ. He had fought many a Christian battle with heretic and pagan, with atheist and sensualist. He was now solely intent on being a faithful bishop of souls, and on meditating the bliss of the redeemed. He would fain have lived this happy, dutiful life undisturbed to the end. But he was too knightly a soul to see the bride of his Lord unjustly accused and not fly to her defense. He drew for her the sword of the Spirit.

The task undertaken was large in scope. It required that the innocence of Christianity be shown, and the real causes of the Roman downfall clearly exposed. The result was a judicious historical survey of the past, an appreciation of the present, and a forecasting of the future, such as constitutes the first serious and approximatively correct philosophy of history.

For the form of his work St. Augustine is indebted to the notion of the pagan city, the city of the world. This city is a stronghold, represents earthly power, symbolizes the clinging to earth as an ultimate home. It is generally founded in violence, strengthened by crime, and ultimately ruined by inward corruption. But the spirit of evil is not left to work unopposed. Over against the City of the World stands the City of God. The two cities spring from two opposite principles. They began respectively with Cain and with Abel. The principle of the one is hate, violence; that of the other, love, charity. The two cities have developed themselves side by

side from the beginning. But they have not been at peace; the one has always been a sufferer at the hands of the other. They differ in their means of defense: the one uses the weapons of violence and falsehood; the other relies on the attractiveness of love and the force of truth. They differ in their outward form: the one delights in the pomp and glitter of outward display; the other is externally simple and humble, and relies upon inward spiritual worth. They differ in material stability: the one intrenches itself behind walls of granite and gates of brass; the other is a homeless stranger and pilgrim in the earth. They differ in spirit: the one is materialistic, seeking after the tangible, visible, and sensuously enjoyable; the other is spiritualistic, aspiring to the ideal, invisible, and imperishable. They differ in destiny: the one is doomed, after alternating successes and defeats, to suffer an ultimate and total overthrow; the other is destined, after a long and humble series of partial checks and advances, to obtain a definitive and glorious victory.

Such was the antithesis of the City of the World and the City of God, which St. Augustine portrayed before the eyes of the politically dying Romans, in the colors and spirit of an impassioned Christian rhetoric. He showed them that the cause of their downfall was their own unchecked vices. He showed them that even the so-called virtues of the early Romans—temperance, fortitude, patriotism—were really but the expression of a worldly wise selfishness. He showed them that the advent of Christianity, at the time of their beginning decline, was not an explanation of this decline, but only a mere coincidence; and, finally, that Christianity, instead of being their enemy, was, in fact, their only possible means of escape from a deeper and more utter definitive ruin.

The circumstances under which the "City of God" was written, throw light not only upon its merits, but also explain its defects. A period in which all earthly stability was shaken, and

seemingly threatened with utter overthrow, was well adapted to turn the mind too exclusively to the unseen world. St. Augustine saw little reason for confidence in the earthly state. The Goths had scarcely receded from their devastations when the infinitely worse Vandals began the work afresh. It was in the third month of the siege of his episcopal town of Hippo by the latter that the work-weary bishop took his departure for the permanently based City of God on high. The chief defect of the book in question is its excessive turning away from the earthly state. Herein the divine wisdom of the New Testament shows itself infinitely superior to the highest human wisdom. Men—and geniuses no less than common men—are constantly falling into the error of the too little or the too much. Only divine wisdom constantly holds in view the everlasting equilibrium of things; and the best balanced of Christian men would constantly vibrate from one excess to its opposite were their one-sidedness not counterbalanced, checked, and complemented by the objective wisdom of God. The fact is, God has no less ordained the City of the World than the City of God. Even though the former be only an after-thought, an expedient in view of the actuality of a sin-disordered humanity, still its ordainment is none the less divine. God has always shown himself infinitely above the sham wisdom of impractical utopists. Though never losing sight of the ultimate ideal goal, he yet adapts his present means to the present condition and susceptibilities of his subjects, tempering the light imparted to the enfeebled eye of the recipient; and thus, long and indirect though the route may be, yet, in the end, reaching the absolute goal.

And, while St. Augustine did not see the full legitimacy of this earthly state, least of all did he foresee a misapplication which the Church was going to make, in coming centuries, of his so strongly emphasized "City of God." It had not entered into his thoughts that

the visible and essentially incomplete City of God was to grasp the falling skeleton of the pagan State, and clothe its marrowless, rickety bones with the sinews and flesh of its own fresh youth; that, instead of supplanting and superseding the State, it was itself actually to surrender to the State, and be degraded into a mere pretext to earthly and corrupt secular domination. And yet the next eleven hundred years after the death of St. Augustine (430-1519) were occupied with the sad spectacle of consolidated religion and politics attempting to wield the twofold sword of spiritual and temporal power,—always to the detriment of both parties, nearly always to the desecration of religion to a mere means to the ends of politics.

But, after all, was the mistake of St. Augustine real or only apparent? Is the one-sidedness of his "City of God" absolute or only relative? Is not the question as to the true relation of the two cities unsolved even yet? Roman Catholicism has, very obviously, not attained to a satisfactory solution. European Protestantism, with its unnatural marriage of State and Church, finds itself very uncomfortable, and is every-where looking about for a seemly pretext for divorce. And is our American position of free Churches in a free State altogether satisfactory? Is not our national Constitution too secular, too non-Christian, too unconfessional, for some? If we insert in it a theological article, who shall frame it? Who shall say just how far we shall go? Moreover, are we not too young a nation to jump to the conclusion that our relation of State and Church is ideally perfect? Who can clearly foresee that motives of self-preservation will not, ere long, necessitate the State to acts of repressive coercion against politico-religious corporations, which would now look like a contradiction to our traditional practice? Is not, therefore, the fact in the case simply this: that the whole present organism of human society is but a practical expedient, based upon the present sin-wrought abnormal

condition of humanity? And do not, consequently, all human institutions partake of this abnormality? Can there be, therefore, a normal relation between things which are themselves, one or both of them, abnormal? No! no! Our whole present order of things is abnormal. There can not possibly be any definitely fixed state of earthly relations. "The price of liberty," both political and religious, will continue, until the end of this world, to be "eternal vigilance." The idea of the modern State is, that it is to conserve the outward interests and rights of men and nations. The true idea of the Church is, that it is to generate and nurture a normal state of the inward motives, the heart of man and

of the race. When, therefore, the Church shall have accomplished her work, the motives of all men will be right. Will not the Church, then, have actually superseded the State? Is not the one-sided utopism of the "City of God," after all, the ultimate truth? Yes! St. Augustine was only unpractical, but not absurd. The City of God *is* destined to swallow up the City of the World. The kingdom of God *will* ultimately overthrow the kingdom of Satan. The old cosmic world, with its dualism of the secular and the sacred, is to be superseded by a heavenly world, wherein neither this nor any other of the antagonisms of sin shall have any place.

J. P. LACROIX.

MATERNAL LOVE.

RATHER than let her little darling die,
What vigils will a loving mother keep!
Days full of care and nights devoid of sleep;
With aching heart, sad brow, and weary eye,
Ready at every moment to supply
Food and caresses to the little thing
Who lies and moans,—a type of human suffering.

Rather than let her little darling fly,
On wings of angels, to that happy home
Where spirits, restless as the salt-sea foam
On earth, find slumber and tranquillity,
How will the mother work and watch and sigh,
And pray to God, in memory of his Son,
To grant new health and strength to her dear little one!

Rather than let her little darling lie
In restless anguish on a bed of pain,
How will the mother rack her anxious brain
For attitudes of rest, and, watching by
His little cot, kneel, ready to supply
Cool, grateful drinks and sedatives of power,
To give new life and bloom to her wee human flower!

O men! who on your hardihood rely
More than your gentleness, your lives are due
To a fond mother's anxious care of you;
She, strong in spirit, would not let you die,
Soothed you to slumber, read the pleading eye,
When, a poor babe in bed, you tossed in pain,—
But for her kindly heart, never to rise again.

R. C. F. HANNAY.

WILLIAM M'KENDREE.*

ON the Sunday preceding the session of the General Conference held in Baltimore, in 1808, a stranger from the West was appointed to preach in the leading Methodist church of that city. To many, his name and reputation were scarcely known. He had for years been engaged in frontier appointments, and both his garb and address bespoke the backwoodsman. His attire, though neat, was of coarse homespun, and his general appearance unprepossessing; so that when he rose in the pulpit to announce his text, there was an air of disappointment in the large congregation assembled to hear him. His style was at first embarrassed, and his utterances slow and hesitating. But he was evidently master of his subject, and he soon became master of himself. His voice, which began with a sort of drawl, became sharp and clear. Its tones were gracefully modulated, and there was a pathos and a power in his delivery totally unexpected. His whole frame was transformed by the eloquence of his words and the unction of the divine Spirit, and a breathless attention marked the interest which his hearers felt. As, one after another, he unfolded the arguments of his discourse and began the practical application of his subject, the long restrained emotions of his audience found vent. There were sobs and shouts, and when the speaker closed, there was not one heart untouched.

The speaker was William M'Kendree. The brethren who made the appointment for him to preach in the Light-street church knew their man, and set him forward as the representative of Western Methodism. His fame as a preacher was in all the societies of Ohio, Kentucky,

Tennessee, and Western Virginia, and he was already recognized as one of the leaders of the Church. Not only sound in doctrine and judicious in administration, he was gentle in spirit, unassuming in manner, constant and self-denying in labor. Throughout his large district there were many fruits of his ministry, and for long years his sermons were remembered in neighborhoods where he preached. Bishop Asbury, who heard his sermon in the Light-street church, was so carried away with his eloquence that he declared it would make him a bishop,—a prediction that was soon realized.

At this conference there was a general feeling that the episcopacy needed strengthening. The subject was debated at length for two or three days. Joshua Soule was in favor of two additional bishops; Ezekiel Cooper, of seven; while the majority were evidently in favor of only one. On Thursday, May 12th, the question was resumed, and it was finally decided that only one person should be chosen to fill this office. The conference immediately proceeded to elect by ballot, and, upon counting the votes, it appeared that the whole number cast were one hundred and twenty-eight; necessary to elect, sixty-five. Of this number, William M'Kendree had ninety-five; Ezekiel Cooper, twenty-four; Jesse Lee, four; Thomas Ware, three; and Daniel Hitt, two. M'Kendree was elected by a large majority.

This vote, so complimentary in its character to the person chosen, signified more than merely worldly preferment and honor. It meant a life of toil and suffering, of weary travel and sleepless nights, of cold and hunger, of weariness and watchings, of prayers incessant, and of fastings many,—it meant dangers and necessities, provocation and unrest, exposure and buffeting, long-suffering and patience, and, above all, in the world to come, life everlasting. To the bishop-

* *Life and Times of William M'Kendree, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By Robert Paine, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Nashville, Tennessee: Southern Methodist Publishing House. Two volumes, 12mo.

elect, while it was a token of his brethren's confidence, it was no kindness to be thus advanced as their general superintendent. He did not desire the office, and willingly would have refused it; but his election was a call of duty, and, as an obedient son in the Gospel, he could not hold back. And now began a round of episcopal duties in which he has been surpassed by none of his successors, and in which he was little inferior to Bishop Asbury. His execution of this great office showed that the confidence of his brethren was not misplaced. He had already been chosen to preside in the Western Conference in the absence and during the illness of the Bishop, and upon that occasion he was so affected by the honor thus thrust upon him that he wept like a child, and would gladly have declined the distinction. His feelings upon his election as bishop, he thus describes in his diary, of a late date: "At times I felt resolved not to submit, but when it came to the point, I was afraid to refuse; I dare not deny. And while still deeply conscious that I did not possess qualifications adequate to the important station, yet, confident of support from my brethren, and relying on divine aid, I reluctantly and tremblingly submitted." Such was the man whom Providence and the Church called to this office and ministry.

William M'Kendree was born in King William County, Virginia, July 6, 1757. He was the eldest of eight children, four boys and four girls. Of these all grew up to mature life, and all were married except the Bishop and his youngest sister. His father was a planter, and, though never wealthy, lived in comfortable and independent circumstances, enjoying in the neighborhoods where he resided, a reputable position for intelligence and personal worth. The state of morals in Virginia, during his youth, was generally lax, even among Church members, and experimental religion almost unknown. The common amusements of that day were horse-racing, gambling, the ball-room, and drinking. In the midst of such practices, young M'Kendree pre-

served himself comparatively pure; and he says of himself, that he does not recollect "to have sworn more than one profane oath in his life." He had often convictions of sin and a desire to lead a new life; but while he was thus kept within the bounds of a respectable morality, his heart was yet far from being right with God.

When the war of American Independence broke out, he entered the army, and became one of its officers. His rank was that of adjutant, and he was, for a time at least, connected with the commissary department. On the return of peace, he was thrown into the society of Methodists by a gracious revival that broke out in the neighborhood where he lived. Under the preaching of Rev. John Easter, his convictions of sin were renewed, and became deep and pungent. He was now in his thirtieth year, and he resolutely set about seeking the salvation of his soul. His repentance was sincere. After a severe struggle, he ventured his all upon Christ, and in that instant his soul was relieved of a burden too heavy to be borne, and joy instantly succeeded sorrow. Like all new converts, he began to be concerned for his young associates and neighbors. He often spoke with them in private, and exhorted them, with tears in his eyes, to flee from the wrath to come and be saved from their sins. Not a great while elapsed until he began to take part in public meetings, and through his efforts many were brought to Christ.

He soon became exercised on the subject of preaching, and the conviction that God had called him to the exclusive work of the ministry could not be resisted. While still hesitating, Mr. Easter visited him, and took him to conference. Here, through the mediation of his friend, he was appointed by the Bishop to the Mecklenburg Circuit, with Philip Cox as preacher in charge. This was in the year 1788. It was for him a fortunate appointment, as he found in Mr. Cox an instructor and a father. There were many experienced Christians on the circuit,

and, by their walk and conversation, he was profited greatly. They sympathized with the young preacher, and vied with each other to lighten his burdens. The next year he was sent to the Cumberland Circuit, Virginia, with James O'Kelly as presiding elder. The latter was a popular, fair-spoken preacher, ambitious and restive, and not willing to be under authority. His history is well known; and through the strong personal friendship which existed between them, he came near making Mr. M'Kendree a schismatic like himself. From this M'Kendree was saved by a thorough investigation of the rules and discipline drawn up by Mr. Wesley, and by a more intimate acquaintance with Bishop Asbury, who was the chief object of Mr. O'Kelly's attacks.

Mr. M'Kendree rapidly developed, through the itinerant training which he received, and his labors were blessed to the good of the Church and of society. His education was limited, but he was a fair scholar in the rudimentary English branches; and having a quick apprehension and a sound, discriminating judgment, he acquired a large amount of information, a good knowledge of character, and a ready utterance as a speaker. His sermons were not wanting in breadth and compass of thought, but were characterized rather by their persuasive eloquence and earnest appeals to the hearts and consciences of his hearers.

At the conference held in Salem Chapel, Mecklenburg County, Virginia, November 24, 1795, he was appointed presiding elder over the district, including such charges as Hanover, Amherst, and Williamsburg, being one of the most important positions in the Virginia Conference. He had now been in the itinerancy eight years, and enjoyed in great measure the love and confidence of the preachers. His religious experiences were of a high order. He had sought and found the full liberty of the sons of God, and his labors were abundant in fruit. The next year his district was enlarged, and he was found to be admirably adapted to supervising the interests of

the Church, and the work of the preachers. On this district he remained three years. In 1799 he was appointed to a district contiguous to the one which he had just traveled, lying within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference. It extended from the Chesapeake Bay over the Blue Ridge, and terminated at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. The next year he was returned to this district; but in the Fall of the same year he was transferred to the Western Conference, and appointed presiding elder over a district which embraced all of Kentucky, East and Middle Tennessee, Western Virginia, and all of Ohio that was then settled. He had to travel fifteen hundred miles to compass his district, the whole of which was, with the exception of East Tennessee and Western Virginia, a new and rapidly populating country. The settlements were not contiguous, and intercourse between them was only by paths marked through the woods with the ax.

How these itinerant labors were performed, we may learn from Mr. M'Kendree's own words: "While on the way through these frontier settlements, if we came to a creek or river, we had the privilege of swimming it; and when safely landed on the other bank, it was a consolation to reflect we had left that obstruction behind, and that the way to the next lay open and plain before us. If night overtook us before we could reach a house, it was our privilege to gather wood where we could find it, make a fire, eat our morsel, and supplicate a throne of grace with as free access as in a palace or a church. Being weary, we rested sweetly and securely under the divine protection; and when we arrived at our destination, if the accommodations were of the humblest kind, we had the inexpressible satisfaction of being received with a hearty welcome, and accommodated with the best the family could afford; and though very inferior in the estimation of the delicate and those accustomed to sumptuous fare, yet all the real wants of nature were supplied. We

ate heartily and slept sweetly, and rejoiced with the pious and affectionate people, who received and treated the ministers of the Gospel as angels of God; and, above all, when the time arrived for us to deliver our message, the people flocked together, and seemed to want to hear what God the Lord would say. The prayers of the pious ascended the hill of the Lord; divine power attended the preaching of the Word; sinners were convicted, many were converted to God, and the Church was enlarged and built up in the 'faith once delivered to the saints.' " He goes on to say with regard to his own labors: "My appointment required much riding. I preached often, and sustained a great charge; and yet I esteem these among the happiest days of my life. Strange as it may seem, there, in the midst of exposure and many privations, my impaired constitution was restored, and my general health greatly improved. I enjoyed peace and consolation through faith, and was enabled to walk with God."

From this time until his consecration as bishop, in 1808, Mr. M'Kendree continued to preside over large districts in the West, using every opportunity to extend the work and promote the cause of God. No exposure was shunned, no danger affrighted him. In 1807, in company with Abbot Goddard and James Gwin, he set out to visit the settlements of Illinois. On this journey the party had more than once to camp out; but wherever they could find any people who were willing to hear the Gospel, they stopped and preached. On the Kaskaskia River, they met with Jesse Walker, who had formed a circuit, and learned that he had appointed three camp-meetings for them to attend. Their trip consumed about two months' time, and required the ride on horseback of about twenty-seven hundred miles.

The Western Conference of 1807 met at Chillicothe, Ohio, September 14, 1807. Seven delegates were chosen to attend the General Conference the next year at Baltimore. Among these was William M'Kendree, to whose election at that con-

ference, as a bishop, we have already adverted. Perhaps no fitter person among all our itinerant ranks could have been found for that office. From the hour of his consecration, he devoted all his energies to the cause of God, of the Church, and of humanity, as never before. Though heart and hands had both been full, he now became "in labors more abundant."

We can not trace the history of Bishop M'Kendree through his episcopal career. In both the sections of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his name is as bointment poured forth, and his worthy deeds live after him. Of his general character, Bishop Paine says: "He was a man of method. He could not preach, debate, or converse satisfactorily without regard to it. His plan of traveling and preaching on the way must always be prearranged. His traveling equipage, whether he went on horseback or in a carriage, was ever most carefully adjusted. His horse was never neglected, nor could he retire to rest, after having been exhausted by a long and wearisome day's journey, until he knew he had received the best possible attention. . . .

"While he was far from being stiff or unsocial in his manners, there was always about him a dignified and respectful demeanor, mingled with affability, which bespoke his character and his position. His presence always commanded respect, and his manners won the confidence of strangers; so that even those who loved to ridicule preachers felt constrained to treat him civilly; and children, reading his feelings in his face, would instinctively smile, climb upon his knees, and nestle in his bosom. There was an indescribable persuasiveness in his manner, whether in the pulpit or in the social circle."

The death of Bishop M'Kendree was a fitting close to such a life. He died March 5, 1835, at the residence of his brother, James M'Kendree, in Sumner County, Tenn., and his remains lie buried in the family burying-ground beside those of his honored father.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

It is not a little remarkable that, in the land of schools and culture, *par excellence*, there is still so much complaint in regard to the education of the daughters of the better classes. Berlin, for example, is full of young ladies' seminaries, in which the so-called accomplishments may be acquired at the hands of the best teachers; but there is hardly a school where these classes can find any very solid scientific instruction. And as a protest against this neglect of the sounder portion of woman's nature, a certain Countess Nostitz is now endeavoring to establish, by the aid of some prominent parties, what she calls a Scientific Gymnasium for young ladies. She appears to mean, by this, an institution wherein girls may learn something of practical science, that may avail them in the sterner duties of life. She demands for them a popular training in natural science, that will enable them the better to supervise household operations in the house and in the garden, and also a course in Latin and mathematics. And the mere fact that it is even now necessary to appeal for such an institution shows how far behind, in general, are European schools in their advantages for young women. It is claimed, and truly, that this Latin study will supplement the French and Italian as linguistic training, and, so far as drill is required, will make these unnecessary. But the fact that the lady proceeds so cavalierly with the French as to banish it from the curriculum, and substitute the English for it, shows a little too plainly the national prejudice of the Germans, who, from a sort of worship for French fashions, language, etc., are now inclined to proceed to the opposite extreme, and banish the language of polite intercourse and diplomacy the world over. There is no doubt that the English language

is rapidly acquiring such ascendancy throughout the Continent, and especially in Germany, as to make it quite a necessity in commercial and refined circles, and that the French must, to a certain extent, give way to it; but it will be quite difficult to make the English take its place. As in this country the French is holding its own, and the German is increasing in influence, so in Germany the French will not eventually be neglected, but the English will be added to the necessities of a practical education. And this circumstance itself is one of the causes of this new and reasonable demand all over the Continent—not only in Germany—for more practical schools for the daughters of the higher classes, that they may be trained to usefulness as well as ornament. This new institution bids fair to be established, and to be a success, for it is certainly a great necessity in European life, in the advanced position in society which the women abroad are now assuming.

AND in sympathy with this same desire, a professor of South Germany has recently been lecturing on political economy for women, proving by some ingenious and ingenuous representations, that the family and the State would be great savers by the more careful attention of women to household or domestic economy. He argues that, besides questioning young ladies as to the amount of oxygen and carbon to be found in bread and meat, beets and sugar, it would be well to know from them how much coffee and butter might be consumed at the table, if the income of the father be eight, twelve, or fifteen hundred dollars per year. Is it not as well to know the cost of each lamp burned in the house, or the fuel for a kitchen for five persons, as to master a study of

Chopin, or to know the difference between pink and blue artificial flowers? These are things which the daughter, when she becomes a woman and a wife, needs to know, and why not give her this important knowledge as a valuable marriage dowry? Let us teach the girl to be not only a wife, but also a housewife,—the true source of happiness. Let us teach her what is the great secret of human happiness,—that is, the relation between the measure and what it is to contain,—in order that every day may have its account, and every daily account may be in harmony with the necessary final account at the end of the year. The professor gave to his hearers the following animated and attractive picture of the family and the household presided over by a careful wife. The nation without a family is a rude and immoral one; where a nation has not had the strength to build a house for the family, it has remained without a history. National culture begins in the family, and he who does not find the ballast of his life in his home is likely to be without a ballast. And at the very threshold of this family stands the wife; the house may not be unconditionally her empire, but all that is within it is her work; and what I ever seek and find there is woman's work, which her hands extend to me. Take any home you please; you will continually perceive, by a thousand little nameless things, whether a woman's hand has been busy there. And this quiet control is the first truly womanly quality, this invisible harmony of all the parts, which has for every thing a place and a time. This genial arrangement of the house is impossible without the woman; and what she thus offers to the family, neither wealth nor taste can furnish without her. Household order can not give possession, but it can double the worth of the whole by increasing that of each individual thing. And when she has in her firm hand all the thousand little things of the house, she begins to look gradually and irresistibly to the greater powers; from the order of time proceeds the order of will, from the order of things the order of work, and from that the strict harmony of hours and minutes, and of the chairs and tables, and of the hundred trifles that surround one in the house. Here begins the education of the child, and how often that

of the man! It were well if this great law of human society could be better understood. This spirit or order in the husband is the control of the wife; she should therefore feel herself responsible for every thing that receives its real value through order. But there is another enemy in the house to whose serious but quiet power only the hand of woman is equal. The work of human hands is scarcely finished before it begins to decay. The coarse dust gathers on the curtains and wears away the threads, or the smoke gathers on the mirror and blackens it, and the gilding is spoiled by dampness; a spot shows itself on the table-cloth, or a deceitful nail tears a hole in the wall, or a knob is lost, or a pitcher cracked,—and this not for to-day, but for to-morrow also, day by day and year by year, incessantly through life. And in the beginning it is always so little, scarcely visible, scarcely worth the while! But to-morrow it is greater, and the next day greater yet, until a useful thing is entirely ruined for want of a little attention. Now, who shall fight with these thousand foes? This conflict is the duty of the wife and woman. It is she who must follow these hostile trifles with dust-cloth and brush, with water and fire; it is she who must come with needle and shears, she who must have sympathy with all suffering things in the household. She must be the guardian-angel of the house, and save it for her husband, from its thousand foes!

THE Prussians have recently borne, with great sorrow, to the grave an old lady by the name of Fernandina von Schmettan, whom they remember with the kindest feelings for her heroic deeds during the wars of Napoleon against their country and king. When the Germans, in 1813, rose in their famous "War of Deliverance" against the French tyrant, it was clear that, to insure victory and throw off the French yoke, every class of society must co-operate in the work. When the cry was made for treasure as well as men, the royal princesses appealed to the women of Prussia to come forward with their offerings. In reply to this, the women brought their jewelry and bridal rings and presents, silver spoons and gold watches, diamonds and ear-rings, and whatever ornament could be made of any value.

And among them, one day, came a number of young ladies from the country. In this group was one whose patriotism had induced her to come along, but whose sole ornament was the purple innocence of her maiden cheeks, the pearls in her eyes, and the sparkling tears on her cheeks, for she was weeping that she had nothing to give with the others. Suddenly she exclaimed, "I also will give some thing," and hurried away into a side room and severed her long, silken locks from her head, sold the golden treasure to a dealer, and came and laid the price on the altar of her country. One noble woman declared that hair too precious to be left in the mart, and immediately bought it back, had it made into rings, bracelets, watch-chains, and other hair ornaments, and offered them for sale for the benefit of the sacred cause. The Prussian people bought them at large prices, and sold them again and again, for the benefit of a treasury that thus profited more from Nannie's locks than from the jewels of noble dames. And it was not simply the money thus gained that worked to the aid of the Father-land; the spirit thus excited bore rich fruits, and men and women felt inspired to loftier deeds from seeing this sacrifice of one who, in her poverty, had no other offering but the "pride of woman." "Nannie," as she was familiarly called, returned to her modest home, and performed nearly all the work of the plain household, while her father entered the king's service. After that war she lived a very retired life, until the war of 1866, when she again came forth as quite an aged woman, and by the charm of her name and the memory of her early sacrifice, she was enabled to organize a "Woman's Association" for the relief of the sick and disabled soldiers; and by her example did much to inspire others to work in the good cause in those manifold fields that have so variously opened themselves to woman to assist in time of war. Her exertions during this trying period weakened her failing health, and she has seldom risen from her bed since that period. She has just been borne to her grave by admiring friends and a sorrowing community.

THE spirit-rappings and table-knockings, that were so common among us some years

ago, seem to be transferred, with increased intensity to foreign soil. Theories of this nonsense are brought to market in ponderous volumes and learned treatises, that are so imposing in their character that the weak-minded fear to gainsay them. The disease seems, in a certain class of confused or diseased brains, to have assumed complete control, so that all thoughtful men can scarcely suppress a feeling of shame at the extent of the coarse and ordinary humbug. In the intelligent city of Leipsic, the book mart of the Continent, there has been for years a congregation of these Spiritualists, who indulge periodically in the mummery of table-turning and rappings. But the latest demonstration is that of some of the Ultramontane sheets, in their endeavor to connect some of these matters with miraculous developments. One of these papers gives an account of certain marvelous manifestations and occurrences in Potsdam, at which they secured a medium in a young man, who went successfully through all the nonsense that was exploded here years ago. It seems almost impossible that, in this year of grace, 1876, such arrant deception could find believers; but we learn that matters in this line are still worse in parts of Russia, especially in the southern districts of that country.

THE famous Jacob Grimm, author, with his brother, of the "Household Tales," wrote a beautiful treatise on "Female Names in Flowers;" and this ingenious work gave rise to another one on the "Æsthetics of Plants," which has gradually developed some beautiful facts and theories from this charming realm of nature. The historical account of many flowers is gathered together in this book, and, on the whole, very ingeniously and tastefully worked up. Nearly each flower is made the basis of a tradition or fairy story, that is tasty, instructive, and full of delicate conceptions and allusions. For some of these prolific German brains in this line of fiction, a flower is a treasure on which to found a fairy kingdom, with all its concomitants of fortunate princes and princesses. Aside from its imaginative character and fine development of theories of taste, the historical and natural historical phase of the labor in regard to many of the

plants is quite valuable, and will be conducive to the intelligent study of the natural beauties of these most beautiful ornaments of nature. The nation or the people who love flowers must thereby acquire a certain de-

gree of refinement and culture; and all such books tend to heighten this, and to give to the poor, especially, the means of extracting inexpensive pleasure from the purest sources.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE *Christian Woman* for September asks the very pertinent question, Why do not women help women? Echo answers, Why? Women of wealth have given liberally toward endowed institutions for the education of able-bodied young gentlemen, who "can command twice the amount of money for their work that women can," while young girls have been left to toil as best they could for an education; in working for their board, boarding themselves, or running machines; oftentimes starving the body to provide nourishment for the mind; and the encouragement they have received from masculine charity students has been the reiterated cry of mental inferiority. We fully agree with the editor of the *Christian Woman* in feeling "that a young man who has not enough strength of body and independence of soul to get an education with circumstances, as they are, all in his favor, is not fit for the pulpit." The thanks of the present generation of women are due to Mary Lyon and Mrs. Emma Willard for the devising and maturing of liberal plans, not only for the higher education of girls, but for affording them pecuniary aid. Hundreds of young women were educated by the Mesdames Emma and Sarah Willard, not as charity students, but with an unwritten pledge of payment for tuition and board, so soon as they became self-supporting; and all honor be to their names, that it was said by the late principal that but two or three of the number failed to meet their indebtedness, and that because death intervened. Upon whom shall the mantle of these women fall? Dr. Holland, in *Scribner*, also makes an appeal to women to aid women's colleges. He says: "We do not hesitate to say that the average woman, educated in the better class

of schools in this country, is a better scholar and a more capable and accomplished person than the average college graduate of the other sex. The farmer's boy finds cheap tuition at college, while his sister stays at home, because the only places where she can get an equal education are expensive beyond her means. We commend to rich women, anxious for the elevation of the sex, to endow the institutions springing up about the country in the interest of the sex, so that young women of all classes shall be given as good a chance of education as their brothers enjoy. There is not an advanced public institution for the higher education of women that is not in need of a large endowment for the purpose of bringing its advantages within the reach of those whose means are small."

That the eyes of woman are getting opened to the necessities of the sex is illustrated in a few notable instances, as in the recent opening of the Smith College for women, at Northampton, Massachusetts, Miss Sophie Smith, of Hatfield, having bequeathed four hundred thousand dollars for that purpose. The Woman's Educational Association of Illinois Wesleyan University has recently opened a boarding-hall on the Mount Holyoke plan, for young ladies of limited means who desire to attend the University. The fact is also illustrated in the statement that Miss Catherine Beecher, as Secretary of the American Woman's Educational Association, is perfecting plans for a university for girls, where, in addition to the usual studies, there shall be practical training in knowledge sure to be called into use by women in the domestic relation. The Association design to connect this with some already well patronized institution,

and purpose to establish three departments,—the normal, the hygienic, and the domestic.

— The corporation for the relief of the widows and children of clergymen of the Episcopal Church in the State of Pennsylvania has invested funds amounting to \$386,678.

— Bishop Wells, Episcopal, intends putting up a hospital for women in Milwaukee, to be attended by Protestant Sisters of Mercy. This is the first of a series of buildings to be put up for charitable purposes on the Cathedral grounds.

— The Woman's Art School in the Cooper Union, New York, was opened October 1st. It is intended to give free instruction in drawing to young women who can furnish sufficient evidence of natural talent to make its cultivation worth while.

— It is reported that Jay Cooke's country-seat is to be purchased, by leading members of the Presbyterian Church, for the establishment of a National School for Women, equal in extent to Vassar College, and giving not only a theoretical, but technical, education, fitting its pupils to gain their own living by practical professions or handicrafts.

— The Massachusetts Committee of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Board of Missions, which have recently commenced working specially in behalf of the widows and orphans of deceased missionaries, have raised about one thousand dollars. The object is to raise a fund, the income of which shall be devoted to the support and education of these beneficiaries.

— An estate known as the "Minard Home," at Morristown, New Jersey, has been bequeathed to the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be used for the purpose of taking proper care of the children of foreign missionaries working for that Church. It has been placed in charge of a returned missionary from India, whose wife will receive the daughters of foreign missionaries. The Mission Board allows one hundred dollars per annum for the support of each child. An effort is being made to secure for the home an endowment of \$75,000.

— Two girls, graduates of the classical department of the Providence High-school,

have been admitted to the Boston University. Another high-school girl has been a year in Michigan University, while two others enter this year Wellesley College.

— Mrs. Collins, widow of the late Dr. Collins, succeeds her husband in the Presidency of the State Female College at Memphis.

— Mrs. Lucy Herron Parker, Professor of Natural Science in the Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, is now filling a similar chair in the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, at Delaware. Her daughter, a classical graduate of the Wesleyan, is with her as tutor of Latin.

— The late Orrin Sage bequeathed one thousand dollars to Mount Holyoke Young Ladies' Seminary; Miss Mary Telfair has by will endowed a "Telfair Hospital" for Females; and Miss Berenice Morrison has donated to Pritchett Institute, at Glasgow, Missouri, one hundred thousand dollars. Sage College has recently been erected, and endowed, at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars, by Hon. H. W. Sage, and opened in connection with Cornell University, on condition that young women shall receive at the University an education as thorough and broad as that provided for young men.

— The Fort Dodge (Iowa) *Messenger* has this paragraph about a Des Moines family: "Miss Kate Tupper, of Des Moines, has been in town, visiting at Mr. Bassett's for a few days. Kate comes of a family which is remarkable for intelligent womanly effort and success. Her mother is Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper, the Bee Queen of Iowa, whose work on bee culture is a recognized authority every-where; her eldest sister is a very eloquent preacher at Colorado Springs; Miss Kate is studying medicine, having taken herself through a full course at the Agricultural College by her own work; and Miss Madge, who is only sixteen, is a famous poultry-raiser, and an officer of the State Poultry Association, who has made money enough in this business to defray her entire expenses through a full collegiate course. Mrs. Tupper's family is a sufficient answer to the question of woman's work, if there were no other. Let any mother in Iowa show three boys who can beat this."

ART NOTES.

THE following, which we take the liberty to copy from a private letter of Mr. Edward Brown, manager of the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, ought to have a wide circulation on account of the warm words of encouragement to American artists and the hopeful future toward which he looks: "But it is on returning to Munich that I find myself again in the great European center for American artists. Of the two thousand painters of Munich, about forty are Americans. . . . Amidst all this array of rising talent in Munich, it is most gratifying, on visiting their studios, to see the leading position occupied by many of our own artists. William M. Chase, of St. Louis, the painter of that powerful picture, 'The Dowager,' bought by one of our New York artists, is engaged on another picture, full of strong character, with a masterly breadth and precision of penciling. T. E. Rosenthal, of California, is at work on a large interior, with figures, which show fine powers of composition and color. Walter Shirlaw, of Chicago, has just finished a fine picture, which compares favorably with a former one, already sent to America, 'The Toning of the Bell.' David Neale is also finishing, for a California order, a brilliant painting, the subject of which is a scene in the life of 'Marie Stuart.' Among the young men here are James D. Strong, Jr., of San Francisco, and Frank Currier, of Boston, who are making rapid progress. Many of these American artists are, or have been, pupils of Professor Piloty, to whom, with his great powers as an artist and as a teacher, infusing with magnetic enthusiasm his own rich experience, his students are warmly attached. And the friendship is mutual; for recently the Professor expressed the sentiment that the great arena for the future of art is America. His opinion is based upon his own proof of the sterling art powers of the Anglo-American mind, and upon his belief that we across the water can best escape the influence of all false ways in art, and adopt and carry forward all true elements of progress that the past can give us. Which opinion, and the rea-

sons for which opinion, we most heartily indorse.

— The death of Theodore Bruni, the celebrated Russian painter, is announced. He was formerly Rector of the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, and since 1866 has been Director of the School of Music.

— Through the death of Councillor Tornow, of Berlin, the Crown-Princess Victoria has come into the possession of one of the finest art collections in all Germany. The gallery was bestowed in recognition of the artistic taste and skill of the Princess. It is understood that it will remain in some place accessible to the public.

— "In the broad field of art the first subject of study is nature, and nature is founded on geometric principles. You must know the rule before you can know the variations. The gnarled tree is but the variation of what nature intended for a perfect cylinder, and you can not draw the one until you understand the drawing of the other. Nature is based on geometry, and art is based on nature. Every form you see is either some form of, or variation from, geometric lines."

— The following, selected from the rules which have been adopted for the government of the art department of the Centennial Exhibition, may have an interest to many: 1. The exhibition will be opened May 10, 1876, and closed November 10, 1876. 2. Works of art will be admitted for exhibition, whether previously exhibited or not. 3. No charge will be made for space. 4. Works of foreign artists belonging to residents will be admitted, on the approval of the committee of selection for exhibition, in a special gallery. 5. All pictures, whether round or oval, should be placed in square frames. Excessive breadth in frames or projecting moldings, should be avoided. Shadow-boxes will not be allowed to project more than one inch beyond the frames. Glass over oil paintings will not be permitted.

— The New York Legislature, during its last session, passed a statute requiring that drawing should be taught in the public-

schools of the State. To aid this movement is the object of the plan of the following circular: "In compliance with numerous requests from educators in this State, and with special reference to furnishing opportunity for teachers to qualify themselves to carry out more efficiently the provisions of the law recently passed, requiring drawing to be taught in all the public-schools of this State, a normal school of drawing and painting will be opened, during the coming Summer, at the College of Fine Arts of the Syracuse University. The session will extend from July 11th to August 3d, 1876. For further particulars, address Professor G. F. Comfort, Dean of the College of Fine Arts, Syracuse, New York."

— The story of the "Old Germania Orchestra," told so pleasantly in the November *Scribner*, illustrates one among other important principles; namely, the educating power of artists even after they cease their strictly professional career. The fact that, after the dissolution of this celebrated company, each became a center or nucleus of musical culture and musical inspiration can not be too highly rated when the resultant influence of such an organization is to be estimated. To this latter power must we look with even greater interest than to their public performances. And this, too, is the quiet, refining, and stimulating influence which the artist ever exerts.

— Dr. Fieber, of Vienna, like the little boy that cut open his drum to see where the music came from, has been looking into the throat of Madame Pauline Lucca, and publishes the result of his scrutiny. The mechanical apparatus, to which the melody is due, appears, in her case, to be beautifully perfect, owing, doubtless, partly to natural endowment, and partly to the scientific training which she had in early youth. Examined under the laryngoscope, the larynx appears small and well-shaped, its parts being marvelously developed and perfect. The tune-strings are pure snow white, and possess none of the bluish tinge common among women. Although shorter than usual among vocalists, they are stronger in proportion, and amply provided with muscle. When at rest they are partially screened by the false strings; but Dr. Fliedner, who

watched Madame Lucca's throat through his instrument while she was singing, noticed that as soon as a tone was struck, they displayed themselves in their full breadth and strength. The aid given by a suitable form of *mouth* to the production of vocal music is a novel and interesting point brought out by Dr. Fieber. On being admitted to a view of the artist's mouth, he was at once struck by the spaciousness and symmetry of the hollow, as well as with the vigor with which every tone raised the palate. He is of the opinion that the natural conformation of her mouth accounts, in a large measure, for the wonderful power she possesses of raising and dropping her voice alternately. The sound waves are naturally strengthened in a space so favorably shaped, while the muscles of the palate appear to have acquired exceptional strength and pliability by long practice.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

— Nilsson and Patti are both about thirty-three years old.

— Mustafa, the celebrated soprano of the Sistine Chapel, is seldom heard now, only singing for the Pope on special occasions. His voice is said to be almost angelic in sweetness and tenderness.

— The Reformers have been accused of being unfeeling iconoclasts; but their own language entirely refutes this charge. Let us quote from them a little. Zuinglius says: "No one is so foolish as to believe that statues and paintings ought to be destroyed if the people do not manifest for them a reverence. Only those images ought to be removed that cause piety to stumble, or that weaken our faith in God. Of this latter are such as bear the human countenance, which are placed in front of altars and churches, even though they have not been reckoned among things sacred to God; because age itself frequently renders an image sacred. In like manner, we do not believe that those figures that are introduced for the purpose of ornamenting the windows, should be disturbed, provided they represent nothing base and unworthy; because no one is in danger of worshiping these. . . . We will not speak at all of feelings and preferences in this matter; for none have greater admiration for paintings, statues, and portraits than we; but whatever thus offends piety ought

not to be tolerated, but should be destroyed by the firm authority of the magistrates."

— The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England, has obtained the drawings of the celebrated pavement in the cathedral of Sienna, Tuscany. Sidney Colvin prepared a series of lectures on these drawings, an abstract of which appears in a late number of the *Fortnightly Review* under the title, "The History of a Pavement." In this article he sketches the rise and progress of the noble cathedral building, that has been enriched and beautified with a thousand precious things in color and stone, and metal and wood-work, but, rarest of all, with this pavement, like the pavement of no other floor but that which Dante trod by the side of Virgil, in his vision. It forms the very best history of art and art progress in the Tuscan capital for two hundred years, since it was a work not completed at once, but, rather, a growth of two centuries. The figures of this pavement were produced by incising the lines of the composition upon the surface of white marble, and then filling up these with white paste,—thus producing a sort of *intaglio*, not unlike the workmanship upon tombs. For ornaments and borders to these figure subjects, they laid together pieces of black, white, or variously colored marble, exquisitely cut, according to the designs. That is the method of *tarzia*, or inlay; and the whole secret of the Sienna pavement is the combination of these two methods,—engraving and inlay,—in a manner simple at first, but by degrees becoming more and more artificial. The general name of *commesso* was given to the combined mass. It is very noteworthy that here, in this cathedral pavement, are found the earliest indications of a revival of the classical spirit; since the first figure represents the wheel of fortune (whose familiar moral the Siennese could readily appreciate), and in the four corners of the compartment are half figures of the heathen sages, Euripides, Aristotle, Epictetus, and Seneca, each exhibiting on a scroll some maxim of the instability of fortune. Beginning thus with a figure drawn from heathen mythology, this cathedral pavement leads on the history, sacred and profane, presenting a strange commingling of Biblical

topics, current events, and mythologic personages. Mr. Colvin's *resume* is intensely interesting, and illustrates most completely how, in a single monument of art, the refined and vigorous student may read the history of a chivalric people. We have only space to give Mr. Colvin's concluding words: "I can not say that this unique invention seems to me altogether a happy one, or that the floor under your feet is the best place for a great pictorial composition to be set out. And I can not say that, either in the simplicity of its beginnings, or in the ingenuity of its decline, this engraved and inlaid marble imagery stands among quite the noblest works of the noblest schools. But it stands alone. It calls for the most careful study; for every strongly furrowed line, and every subtly fitted figure of it all, are characters in which is written the history of a people,—the history of that city of the rosy walls and rosy towers, the beloved and ungovernable, with her glorious rise and promise, her passionate piety, her heroism, her vanity, her madness, her mortal diseases of anarchy and rancor, her fiery independence, her daring imagination, her love of beauty and color and pomp, her cunning indefatigable craftsmanship, the brightness of her genius, and the long delay of her inevitable doom."

— The little town of Botzen, in the Austrian Tyrol, is endeavoring to raise funds for the purpose of erecting a statue to the minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide, said to be a native of this place.

— In the School of Design connected with the Cincinnati University, in addition to the classes in drawing and wood-carving, a new class, in modeling in clay, has been formed. Special classes in the higher branches of art are to be organized as soon as the resources of the school will permit. This will include painting in oil, water-colors, and distemper; decorative designs; architecture, mechanical, and scientific drawings; wood-engraving, lithography, and engraving on metals. During the past year, six hundred and thirty-eight students received instruction, of whom three hundred and three were young men, and three hundred and thirty-five were young women.

SCIENTIFIC.

ANCESTORS OF THE BRITISH.—At the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor D. Mackintosh, F. G. S., devoted an interesting paper to the discussion of certain ethnological questions connected with the history of the people of Britain. He believed that the inhabitants of different parts of England and Wales differed so much in their physical and mental characteristics, that many tribes must have retained their peculiarities since their colonization of the country, by remaining in certain localities with little mutual inter-blending, or through the process of amalgamation failing to obliterate the more hardened characteristics. The first type noticed was the Gaelic. In Cæsar's time, probably the great mass of the people of Gaul were comparatively dark in complexion and small in stature; and the race characterized by Cæsar as of tall stature, reddish hair, and blue eyes, were most likely German colonists of Gaul. There still exists in England, Wales, and Ireland a distinct race, possessed of some of the mental characteristics anciently attributed to the Gaels. In mental character the Gaels are excitable, and alternately lively and melancholy. The Gael is also a good soldier, but he needs to be commanded by a race possessed of moral determination, tempered by judgment and foresight. Another characteristic of the Gaelic race is sociability. In North Wales there are several distinct ethnological types, but by far the most prevalent is the type to which the term Cymrian may be applied. The Cymri appear to have entered Wales from the north. They are an industrious race, living on scanty fare without murmuring. Mr. Mackintosh gave a minute description of the physical and mental peculiarities of Saxons, and showed the difference between Saxons and Danes. With Worsaae, he believes that the Danes have impressed their character on the inhabitants of the north-eastern half of England. He endeavored to show that between the north-east and south-west the difference in the character of the people is

so great as to give a semi-nationality to each division. Restless activity, ambition, and commercial speculation predominate in the north-east; contentment and leisure of reflection, in the south-west. He concluded by a reference to the derivation of the settlers of New England from the south-west, mentioning the fact that, while a large proportion of New England surnames are still found in Devon and Dorset, there is a small village called Boston, near Totness, and in its immediate neighborhood a place called Bunker Hill.

LIFE IN ELEVATED AREAS.—The general belief in the invigorating effect of mountain air is not absolutely justified by facts; at least there are some elevated regions, the inhabitants of which show none of the vigor and *claw* which we should expect to find were the common opinion correct. Dr. Jourdanet, of Paris, writes of the inhabitants of the table-lands of Anahuac, Mexico, that they appear quite languid, with pale complexion, ill-developed muscles, and feeble circulation. Jourdanet is satisfied that, while the proportion of red corpuscles in the blood is normal, there is a diminution of oxygen, the result of insufficient condensation of that gas under the slight pressure of the air. In Mexico, at the height of 2,300 meters above the level of the sea, the debilitating effects of the rarefied air are manifest. This is noticeable in brutes as well as in men. Again, the annual growth of population is scarcely ever more than three per cent thousand on the uplands, while nearer the sea-level it is six or seven. Dr. Jourdanet asserts his belief that, in countries where cold is not of itself an obstacle to life, rarefaction of the air will prevent the founding of states at a level higher than 4,000 meters.

METEOROLOGICAL.—During the month of August last, there were distributed, to those co-operating with the Army Signal-office throughout the world, the first copies of the "Bulletin of International Simultaneous Meteorological Observations." By this pub-

lication, General Meyer hopes, it is said, to initiate the comprehensive study of the atmosphere throughout the globe, being persuaded, in common with most students of meteorology, that a single continent is too small an area to enable one to study to advantage the great storms that travel over the earth. The "Bulletin" of the signal-office embraces reports from some five hundred stations, representing nearly every civilized nation of the world, and is welcomed as the most important step that has been taken of late years in the study of meteorology.

THE BRITISH CHANNEL TUNNEL.—Abroad the Channel Tunnel project is still receiving attention in official quarters. In the French National Assembly a bill relative to the submarine tunnel was lately declared urgent. In England, an act empowering the Channel Tunnel Company to acquire certain lands in the county of Kent, and for other purposes in connection with the undertaking, received favorable action at the hands of a committee of the Parliament; and, lastly, at a recent meeting of the South-eastern Railway Company, a resolution was adopted authorizing the directors to contribute a sum not exceeding twenty-five thousand pounds for the making of a shaft, and other preliminary expenses in reference to the undertaking.

AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGY AS DISCUSSED AT NANCY.—A Congress has been held at Nancy on the history, archaeology, and languages of the American continent. The city was illuminated, and a banquet was given by the municipality to the foreign members of the Congress. A most interesting exhibition took place, principally of American stone implements, Peruvian mummies, Columbian idols, and skulls of a number of the aborigines. The Congress discussed the question relating to the discovery of America before Columbus by Norwegians, Phoenicians, and Buddhists, and did not appear inclined to believe in the reality of any of the traditions. There were also discussed at some length the relations of Esquimaux tribes with those of Northern Asia, traditions as to white men, the monuments of the Mississippi Valley, and the rock inscriptions, without coming to any definite conclusions.

FLOODS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.—The rate of propagation of the recent inundation waves in the South of France has been determined along the banks of the Garonne. It was found to have been no more than two miles an hour in a run of one hundred and forty miles, in the district where the calamities occurred. This proves that an immense amount of life and property could have been saved had a system of warnings been adopted. Profiting by this sad experience, the authorities intend to establish such a system as is already in operation at Lyons for the Rhone, and at Paris for the Seine. It is suggested that the unusual violence of floods on the Continent is attributable not only to the abnormal amount of rain and the sudden melting of snow and ice in the mountain districts, but also to the increasing destruction of forests which is taking place in nearly every country. The existence of forests has a great effect in equalizing the distribution of water, and in checking the too rapid melting of snow and ice under the influence of the Summer heat. At the same time the growth of timber on hill-sides prevents the rapid flow of surface water which takes place where trees do not exist. The question of maintaining forests, instead of destroying them, without making provision for the future, is one which demands the serious attention of the governments of every country where, by the existence of hills and mountains, and consequently rapid rivers, the liability to floods is increased. A commissioner of forests has been suggested for our country for the purpose of preserving our timber.

SATELLITES OF JUPITER.—M. Flammarion has, during the years 1874 and 1875, observed the changes of brightness of the fourth satellite of Jupiter, with a view to determine its period of rotation. His principal conclusions are, first, that the fourth satellite varies between the sixth and the tenth magnitude; second, there is a probability, but not a certainty, that it turns on its axis like our moon, so as always to present the same face to Jupiter; third, this hypothesis will not account for all the variations of brightness observed. Its reflecting power is, upon the whole, inferior to that of the three other satellites.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

PAPER BOATS.—*Mr. Editor:* I want to say a word concerning an article, in the October number of the *REPOSITORY*, on paper boats. There is a factory of paper boats at Troy, New York, where I reside, so we know a little about them. What kind of boats were used at the Saratoga regatta, we do not know; but at the regatta of the National Amateur Rowing Association, held in Troy in September, the paper boats were used extensively. Both kinds, cedar and paper, were rowed in; but, if I am correctly informed, the winning crew, in each instance, sat in a paper boat. All the *single* shells were paper. The English crews, I think, use cedar entirely. In the four-oared races here, a crew from New York, composed of college men, graduates I believe, the stroke oar, Eustis, from Middletown, distanced the other crews, though one of the defeated crews beat them on the Kill von Kull shortly afterward.

J. W.

AN ERROR IN PUNCTUATION.—*Mr. Editor.* Please have the printer correct the punctuation in the 5th verse of the 90th Psalm, and make it read: "They are as a sleep in the morning;" meaning a short morning nap,—the sense of the author,—instead of "They are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass; in the morning it growtheth," etc. Hundreds of times, nay, almost universally, this reading is wrong, because the printer made the error in punctuation,—do n't you see it?

J. F. W.

WHAT BURIED HERCULANEUM?—What was the fate of Herculaneum during the eruption of A. D. 79? What special phenomena were displayed on the side of Vesuvius? What causes buried a flourishing city, in an instant, out of sight of the inhabited world? It has been proved that Pompeii suffered an interment so incomplete that, after a few days, its inhabitants could recognize their dwellings, could encamp above and clear them out. Herculaneum, on the contrary, was buried so deep that the next day it was impossible to trace a vestige of it.

The ready answer to all these questions usually is, "Lava worked all the ruin. Her-

culaneum was swallowed up under eighty feet of lava. If works of art, bronzes, and pictures have been miraculously preserved, it was due to the impenetrable shield of lava, yielding only to a cutting tool, that protected them from the ravage of time." This explanation is tempting. Fancy pictures waves of fire rolling upon the city, rising like the tidal swell, surging in through doors and windows, sweeping around and molding every thing, then slowly cooling, and preserving for posterity treasures that labor must unveil, repaid by their recovery in unharmed beauty.

This is really the opinion that all Europe holds, and, even at Naples, almost all visitors of Herculaneum declare that they have touched the lava with their own hands; and, in books written on the Vesuvian cities, more than one traveler affirms as positively that the difficulty of cutting the lava presents the chief obstacle to the disinterment of Herculaneum. How can one venture to meet such convictions by asserting that water, not fire, overwhelmed Herculaneum? that it was not a torrent of glowing lava, but a flood of mud and wet ashes that filled the city? How uproot a prepossession so deep that the works of geologists and savants have failed to shake? Dufrénoy proved that water alone swept over Herculaneum heaps of scoria and pumice, crumbled from La Soma; Dyer, Overbeck, Ernst, Breton, and others have affirmed in various languages, to no purpose, that nothing but ashes, wet to paste and hardened by pressure, covered over Herculaneum; no one heeded them, and the blame continues to be thrown on the lava, which makes excavations so costly and laborious.

COMMON CRIMES OF CONVERSATION.—There are careless people, those "who know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." They plunge recklessly on without a thought for the words they use; their sentences abound with exclamations and expletives more expressive than choice. Their slang phrases are an offense to cultivated ears; and they exhaust the superlatives of the language on the most ordinary occasions. It is they who

preface every sentence, even on trivial topics, with "My stars!" "By George!" "By Jupiter!" "Gracious!" "Thunder!" "You bet!" "No, you do n't!" In their vocabulary, "O!" "Indeed, yes!" "Well!" "And-ah!" are as thickly strewn as leaves in Vallambrosa. With them, a funeral is "jolly," a prayer-meeting "funny," an ordinary performance is "first-rate," the lowest round on the ladder of beauty is "real pretty;" and their indiscriminate admiration is expressed by the much-abused epithets, "splendid, beautiful, magnificent, superb, bewitching, fascinating, charming, delicious, exquisite," etc. Any violation of law belonging to their code is "shameful;" a refusal to conform to their wishes is "horrid mean;" a common cold is "terrible;" and a headache is "beyond endurance." They are always "roasted," or "frozen," or "melted;" their friends are beatified with every virtue; and their enemies are the off-scourings of the race. They so completely exhaust the language on common occasions that no words are left to give expression to their deeper feelings.

Another class includes those who violate the laws of etymology. They have been thoroughly trained in the grammar of the language, and yet refuse to be regulated by its precepts. This class is a large one, and includes among its audacious sinners:

1. Those who use the objective case for the nominative; as, "It is me," for "It is I;" "It is her," for "It is she;" "It is us," for "It is we."

2. Those who use the nominative case for the objective; as, "Between you and I," for "Between you and me;" "Like you and I," for "Like you and me;" "I know who you mean," for "I know whom you mean."

3. Those whose subjects and verbs do not agree in number and person; as, "Says I," for "Say I;" "You was," for "You were;" "My feet's cold," for "My feet are cold;" "There's thirty," for "There are thirty."

4. Those who use the indicative mood for the subjunctive; "If I was you," for "If I were you."

5. Those who use the present tense for the past; "I see you yesterday," for "I saw you yesterday,"

6. Those who use the intransitive verb

for the transitive; "If he is a mind to," for "If he has a mind to."

7. Those who use incorrectly the much-abused verbs sit and lie; as, "I am going to lay down," for "I am going to lie down;" "I laid down this morning," for "I lay down this morning;" "I shall set there," for "I shall sit there."

8. Those who use the adverb for the adjective; as, "She looks beautifully," for "She looks beautiful;" or its opposite, "She walks graceful," for "She walks gracefully."

9. Those who use a plural adjective with a singular noun; as, "Those kind," for "That kind;" "Six pair," for "Six pairs."

10. Those who use the compound relative for the conjunction; as, "I do not know but what I will," for "I do not know but that I will."

11. Those who use the objective case after the conjunction "than;" as, "He knows more than me," for "He knows more than I."

12. Those who use double negatives; as "No, you do n't, neither," for "No, you do n't, either."

13. Those who use the wrong preposition; as, "Different to," for "Different from;" "In regard of," for "With regard to."

14. Those who use the superlative degree for the comparative; as, "The oldest of the two," for "The older of the two."

"A RULE FOR SPELLING."—How to place the vowels "e" and "i" in words where they come together in such words as he mentioned. Where an "s" sound, in pronunciation, precedes the two vowels, "e" is placed before "i," with, I believe, but two exceptions,—"sieve" and "sieve;"—in other cases "i" comes before the "e." This rule is simple and easily remembered, and will save lots of blunders in spelling. J.

A rule for spelling in the LADIES' REPOSITORY for October won't do. It is too short, and does not cover such words as "retrieve," "patience," "orient," "varied," and many others where no "l" occurs. A better rule, covering all cases, is this: When "e" precedes, the "e" comes first; in all other cases the "i" comes first, as in "receive," "believe," "thief," "prettier," etc. G.

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

"STOP THIEF!"

"LAY down your book and get ready for school, Matty."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute."

"My child, your 'in a minute' is the secret of all your school troubles and disgraces."

At this, Matty languidly pulled herself up from the large rocking-chair in which she was lounging and reading the last pages of a story-book, and began to hunt up her geography, and hurry her mother to prepare her lunch and tie her shoes, and peep into a neglected spelling-lesson, while the long hand of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes before nine. Harry was calling, "Come, Matty!" at the front door, and her seat-mate was waving a beckoning hand to her as she hurried by the house.

Just as Matty shut the gate, her Uncle Harry came along, his face ruddy with exercise in the frosty air. Seizing Matty's hand, and taking her dinner-pail and books, he cried out:

"Stop thief! stop thief!"

And before she could have time to collect her thoughts, he was running with her so fast that her little feet seemed hardly to touch the ground. The loitering children, seeing Uncle Harry's speed, and hearing his cry of "Stop thief!" joined in the pursuit, hardly daring to look over their shoulders, for fear of being seized by a pursuing highwayman. They reached the school-house just as the clock had commenced striking nine; and, for the first time in two weeks, Matty sat in her seat at the opening exercises, instead of standing in the vestibule among the tardy ones.

Uncle Harry remained sitting in the visitors' seat until after the opening exercises; then rose and left in haste, as he said, for fear the thief, who had been chasing his niece and the other loitering children, would waylay him, and rob him of what he valued most.

Before leaving, he said a few words to the eager-eyed little ones, with his watch in his hand, for fear he should overstay his time.

"He is a terrible enemy, dear children, who has been after us to-day. If he gets hold of you, he will keep you unhappy, and what some people call 'unlucky,' all your days. What is worse than all, he will try to steal your opportunity to make your peace with God. Dear children, fear him more than you do rattlesnakes when you go berrying on Round Hill, or mad dogs, or ugly bulls; for, after all, they can only destroy your body. This thief, after he has destroyed character, home, and business, will prevent your entering heaven, just as he tried to keep you from coming into this school-room in time for prayers."

The children looked at each other and at Uncle Harry, with a gaze of great curiosity and surprise. But Uncle Harry soon relieved their suspense. As he borrowed the teacher's chalk to write the name of the thief on the blackboard, the boys and girls could hardly be kept in order by the frowns and signs of their teacher.

"Now, children, see the name of the thief who is always at your heels! Look out for him! Do n't give him a chance to look at you."

As Uncle Harry took his leave, the children saw, printed in large letters, "PROCRASTINATION is the Thief of Time."

"DO YOUR BEST."

"WHEN I was a boy," said a gentleman, "I paid a visit one evening to my grandfather, a venerable old man, whose black velvet cap and tassel, blue breeches, and huge silver knee-buckles filled me with awe. When I went to bid him good-bye, he drew me between his knees, and, placing his hand upon my head, said:

"Grandchild, I have one thing to say to you; will you remember it?"

"I looked into his face and nodded, for I was afraid to promise aloud.

"Well," he continued, "whatever you do, do the best you can."

"This, in fact, was my grandfather's legacy to me; and it has proved better than gold. I never forgot his words; and I

believe I have tried to act upon them. After reaching home, my uncle gave Robert and me some weeding to do in the garden. It was Wednesday afternoon, and we had laid our plans for something else. Robert, vexed and ill-humored at his disappointment, did not more than half do his work; and I began pretty much like him, until grandfather's advice came into my mind, and I determined to follow it. In a word, I did my best. And when my uncle came out,—I shall never forget his look of approbation as his eyes glanced over my beds, or the fourpence he slipped into my hand afterward, as he said my work was well done. Ah! I was a glad and thankful boy; while poor Robert was left to drudge over his weeds all the afternoon.

"At fifteen, I was sent to an academy, where I had partly to earn the money to pay for being taught. The lessons seemed hard at first, for I was not fond of study; but grandfather's advice was my motto, and I tried to do my best. As a consequence of this, though I was small of my age, and not very strong, my mother had three offers of a situation for me before the year was out. When I joined the Church, I tried to do the Lord's work as well as I could; and often when I have been tempted to leave the Sabbath-school, or let a hinderance keep me from a prayer-meeting, or get discouraged in any good thing, my grandfather's last words, 'Do the best you can,' have given me fresh courage, and I would again try."

Let every boy and girl take this for their motto. Acted upon, it will do wonders. It will bring out powers which will delight yourselves and friends. "Do your best," or, as the Bible says, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

EASTERN PROVERBS.

HATRED does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.

The scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor that of sandal-wood, nor of a bottle of Tagasa oil; but the odor of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place.

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times ten thousand men, and if another con-

quer himself, he is the greater conqueror. One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself, and always lives under restraint.

If a man does what is good slothfully, his mind delights in evil. Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, It will not come near unto me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled; the fool becomes full of evil, even if he gathers it little by little.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where a man might be freed from an evil deed.

He who holds back rising anger, like a rolling chariot, him I call a real driver; other people are but holding the reins.

A man is not an elder because his head is gray; his age may be ripe, but he is called "old-in-vain."

THE FOX AND THE PEACOCK.

SLV Reynard, taking once his morning stroll, Espied a peacock on a grassy knoll; He bow'd with grave solemnity, and said: "Good morrow, monarch of this pleasant glade. Let me once more behold The glowing green and gold Of that resplendent tail, Which, like a living rainbow, lights the vale; O let me gaze upon those hundred eyes Whose beauty yields an ever fresh surprise.

Of course, so brave a bird can sing A song to match the splendor of each feather; For it is quite the thing For skill and grace like thine to go together.

And if in song thou dost excel All other birds (the lark sings pretty well), You might aspire to reach the sky, For, if you try, you could not fail to fly; And rise to our delighted eyes, Like some colossal bird of Paradise!"

"'T is very true," the silly bird replied, And strutted in the grandeur of his pride;

"No gentleman can deem My song a wretched scream; And as for soaring,—well, I think I might Take my bold flight With the strong eagle to his cloudy height,

Only,—I never tried, But, now, my very courtly friend to please, I'll spread my pinions on the morning breeze."

And saying so, he flew Up in the air, and threw A somersault or two, Then tumbled down with hideous wail, And broke the finest feathers of his tail.

LOUIS XVII.

THERE is no end to the stories about the mysterious disappearance and reappearance of royal personages. The unhappy son of Louis XVI has been the subject of many a story; and there are no doubt plenty of intelligent persons now living who believe in the fiction, that we have all heard more or less vaguely, that the young prince escaped after all, and was, many years afterward, found alive and well—a mature man—somewhere among the red Indians.

There is, however, no ground for doubt that the poor boy died in the prison of the Temple, when he was about ten years old. The tale is too well known almost to bear repetition. That the child was given over to the care of a citizen-cobbler, named Simon; that Simon did his best to brutalize and degrade the little prisoner, teaching him all the bad things he could, and doing his best to wipe out of his pupil's mind all the good he had learned; that this victim of the Terror died in prison of dirt and misery just as a better day was dawning for France,—who does not know this melancholy story? The wretched Dauphin was born in March, 1785, and died in June, 1795. There was a fancy at the time that he had been poisoned, but his body was opened and examined, and there is no doubt that he died a natural death,—if the treatment which he had received in prison, and which killed him, can be called natural.

Young Louis was, it appears, a promising little boy. The pretty little anecdotes of his childhood are as well known as the story of his imprisonment and death, so that one almost fears to repeat them. There is one about his father's taking him out into the woods one day, and purposely deserting him at a distance of some miles from the Château de Rambouillet, in order to see if he could find his way home with no help but that of a pocket compass. Attendants, in the disguise of peasants, were set to watch that he came to no harm, and the little fellow, after losing himself several times, reached home in time for a very late dinner. He had been out so long, however, that his father had begun to get fidgety, and was keeping an anxious lookout, telescope in hand. As Louis XVI was very fond of geography and similar studies, this is a probable story. And so is

that about the Dauphin teasing a page by taking his watch away and throwing it into the water, and then, when he saw the page was vexed, giving him his own watch, which was covered with jewels.

The saddest part of the whole history is not the misery and early death of this young prince, but the success which Simon, his jailor and tutor, had in making him, from a good boy, into a bad one. Poor little fellow! perhaps some of you may say he was too young for *that* to be any wonder; but when I read of him as a mere child myself, I know I used to wonder whether he had ever been taught any thing like the hymn my mother taught me:

"Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One who sees my way?
Yes, God is like a shining light
That turns the darkness into day."

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No, for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul."

Ah, it is a heart-breaking story, and I have sometimes wished I had never known a word of it! But it is a great pleasure to believe that this poor little fellow's goodness of heart was not killed out of him by his base and wicked "tutor." And perhaps you may get more cheerful thoughts out of the whole history than I have ever been able to do. It is hard enough to ill-treat a child at all,—it is enough to make the blood boil; but to ill-treat and make him wicked too,—it is enough to make the blood flow backward.

P. DOHERTY.

THE SEASONS.

Which would you rather be without,
The Winter, the Summer, the Autumn, the Spring?
O, do not leave one of them out,—
Who ever heard of such a thing?

The Spring is good before the Summer;
And then the Autumn is a pleasant comer;
Next is Winter, with cold and rain;
And then it begins all over again!

Violets, primroses,
Big roses, slim roses,
Tiger lilies, and hollyhocks bold;
And soon comes the snow, the white flower of the cold!

Spring, Summers, Autumns, Winters,
Make up the years and their adventures;
The tale is telling, and never is told!

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

CAGED birds are favorite household pets. *Holden's Book on Birds* is a neatly bound descriptive catalogue of the birds most usually tamed and imprisoned,—the canary, the linnet, the finches, the lark, the robin, the starling, the parrot, the mocking-bird, and many others,—with directions for taming and training, advice to purchasers as to the best birds, the kind of cages to use, the kinds of food needful, diseases, hurts, and remedies, teaching talking birds to speak; with a full price-list, and pictures of thirty different kinds of cages. Birds may be purchased in Boston, and sent by express to any part of the country. Charles F. Holden, author; New York Bird Store, publishers; 9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Massachusetts.

Every-day Religion is the title of the last volume of Sermons delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, by T. DeWitt Talmage, revised from phonographic reports. In his Preface, Mr. Talmage thanks the Christian newspapers which each week put his sermons before one million three hundred and eighty thousand readers in Great Britain and the United States, thus enabling him to preach Christ to multitudes whom he never expects to meet this side of the judgment. Here are over thirty discourses brimful of the author's peculiar power,—more than three months' preaching for two dollars! A beautiful book for the library, and a profitable one for the mind and heart. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Oriental is a unique work, being a collection of Eastern melodies, ancient and traditional, now first arranged for Christian service by Dr. William J. Wetmore. Many of the airs have a Jewish origin. Choirs in search of set pieces with which to open religious services will find here brief anthems, chants, and antiphonals, some of which are very ancient, affording vivid ideas of the union of the Jewish and primitive Churches. The insertion of modern music and recent compositions does not improve the work, infringes its design, and spoils its unity. These, however, are few in number, and

may be borne with for the sake of the evidently and quaintly antique. (J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., 14 Bond Street, New York.)

SUSAN COOLIDGE is a successful writer of children's books. *Nine Little Goslings* (Roberts Brothers, Boston) is nine nice little stories, with the names of several of the old nursery rhymes for titles. Children read her books with equal avidity and profit. Put up in the same style of binding, blue muslin trimmed with gilt, and at the same price, \$1.50, by the same publishers, is a nice child-book titled *Jolly Good Times*; or, *Life on a Farm*, by P. Thorne, a *nom-de-plume*, we rather guess, for the copyright-ist, or some one of the same name, who resides not a hundred miles from Cincinnati. The writer has been there, in the heart of Massachusetts, and been a child, and has romped on a farm, if she has not worked on a farm, and has the art to transfer home-life to canvas in a most attractive manner. Her book is no imitation. Its scenes are all drawn from real life; nice pictures of New England farm-life; lively remembrances of Colonial times and Indian war history. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

WHITTIER again! in glorious holiday-dress, and the contents worthy of the dress; the jewel fitted to the settings, the picture grandly framed! *Mabel Martin*, a revision of the poem of the "Witch's Daughter," a harvest idyl; the touching story of the sufferings of a maiden for her mother's sake, tragic in interest almost to the end, when the tables turn, and marriage and happiness follow. The mechanical execution is superb. Price, five dollars. (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.)

DR. HOLLAND is a successful story writer. *Seven Oaks* is well plotted, the characters are well defined and well sustained, and the interest is maintained unflaggingly to the end. In Belcher, the Mephistopheles of the play, the writer has rolled together half a dozen Fifth Avenue adventurers and Wall Street speculators, or, rather, has wrought snatches of portraiture from each into his

sketch. His Yankee trapper is almost funny, but seldom stirs the risibles, not even in the court-room scene, where his shrewdness is more than a match for the unprincipled New York lawyer. The old comparison for legal knowledge, "tricky as a Philadelphia lawyer," is antiquated. Philadelphia must yield the palm to New York these days. Doctor Holland's *Cavendish* is the type of a class that mind themselves like their clients, by ways that will not bear scrutiny. (Scribner & Armstrong, New York; Western Tract Society, Cincinnati.)

MANY persons can speak and write sensibly, and with force, who know but little of the graces of literature, and seldom indulge in the loftier figures of speech. It is often supposed that figures are the mark of a weak style; that those who use them do so to hide the paucity of their ideas; that they are like a veneering, equally beautiful and equally thin; that the strong writer is the bald, accurate, correct, and straightforward thinker, who puts his sentiments in the fewest words, and them the commonest in use. To such persons, the mathematician who read "Paradise Lost" and pronounced it "very fine; but what does it prove?" would be considered the prime of critics. Poetry and rhetoric would be banished from their world. Even cadence in speech would have no charm, and eloquence be an impertinence. To those who think otherwise, Professor John Walker Vilant Macbeth's *Might and Mirth of Literature* (Harpers, New York) will prove a most interesting and amusing book. It is a treatise on figurative language, and contains illustrations of over two hundred figures, selected from upward of six hundred writers. It is also interspersed with historical notices of the progress of language, with anecdotes of many of the authors, and with discussions of the fundamental principles of criticism, and the weapons of oratory. There are figures of etymology, of syntax, and of rhetoric. The chief of these are usually described in our school grammar-books; but Professor Macbeth so cuts up language and parcels it out that we can scarcely write a sentence without using some figure. They come to us unconsciously. Our commonest terms are

figures. We never talk of the foot of a hill, or a stroke of the sun, or the arm of a chair, without introducing into our speech a figure. But apart from these there are many that are the *might* of literary style. So also many are its *mirth*. Puns, conundrums, jokes, quirks, and riddles are a species of figure, and have a legitimate use. Of figures there are many in poetry, many in prose. The Bible abounds in them. The venerable Bede wrote a treatise on the "Figures of Sacred Scripture," and before his time Alcuin had taught them in his lectures on rhetoric. Rutilius Lupus, Aquila Romanus, and Julius Rufinianus composed works on figures of thought and speech, and named many kinds in the catalogues which they gave. But Professor Macbeth has marshaled them all before us in better array, and in a more understandable manner. We are not right sure, however, that the student of style will learn from this book to use any new tropes, or to adopt a more figurative language in what he writes, but he may at least learn to name what he has already known to use.

PERHAPS no portion of our history is more romantic, or abounds in more thrilling incidents, than that part which relates to the planting of the Church in the wilderness. Pioneer times possess peculiar charms to the historian. He delights to dwell upon the hair-breadth escapes, the daring deeds, the intrepid conduct, of the early emigrants, and the savage prowess of the Indians. The adventures of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, the slaughter of Yellow Creek, and the massacre of Colonel Crawford, the defeat of St. Clair, and the victory of Mad Anthony Wayne, are told and retold, and we never weary of the sad or triumphant details as we shudder at the one and rejoice in the other. But seldom are the greater victories of the cross, and the equally daring adventures of the pioneer itinerant preachers, told. It is only here and there that we get a glimpse of their work, where we are not in personal contact with it or its results. And yet no history is complete which does not record the progress of religion in society. It may be yet too early to write up our Western history at large; but one of the most valuable contributions toward it is the *History of*

Methodism in Tennessee, in three duodecimo volumes, by John B. M'Ferrin, D. D. (A. H. Redford, Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tennessee.) The author has made good use of his materials, and these he has gathered with great labor and diligence. Little scraps, which otherwise might seem to be of no account, often furnish him a valuable fact, or a desired date; and they fall, through his care, into their proper places in his narrative. In its progress, we meet with many a name "familiar in our mouths as household words;" and the record of their toils and successes, their sturdy faith and warm attachments, their simple manners and godlike deportment, is like a well-painted and well-hung picture. The history of the Church is not alone made up of the lives of her ministers; and Dr. M'Ferrin makes worthy mention of the lay fathers and lay mothers of our infant societies. In many neighborhoods, the formation of a class, through the efforts of some obscure layman, was the beginning of a strong Church; and often, as the early itinerants traveled from settlement to settlement, they found homes where God's people dwelt, and where they were invited to tarry and preach. The circuits were thus constantly enlarging; new preaching-places were formed, new classes established, new converts enrolled, and new work laid out; so that a constant re-enforcement was required. In 1783, there was but one Methodist itinerant on this side of the Alleghanies; in 1800, there were twenty. Ten years later, so rapid was the progress of Methodism in the West, there were more than this number in Tennessee alone. The growth and progress of the Church in that State is well shown in these volumes, and they will repay perusal. The history is brought down to the year 1840.

Daily Thoughts. Under this title, J. V. D. Shurts has arranged, in a volume of five hundred pages, some of the choicest of the sayings of that vigorous thinker and original talker, Rev. DeWitt Talmage, in the form of daily readings, a novel and yet useful mode of popularizing useful thoughts. He commences with January 1st, and ends with December 31st, so that by reading a brief passage each day, the reader compasses the

book without effort within the year. (Dodd & Mead, New York; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.)

ALWAYS upon the approach of the holidays the book publishers find their best trade and print the most books. In the line of juveniles there is increased activity. Not only Sunday-schools are to be furnished with Christmas presents, but the children of our numerous families are to be supplied; and the giving of holiday presents is a custom more widely extending every year. Among the volumes issued in time for this purpose are the following from the press of those enterprising publishers, the Carters, of New York: *Elsie's Santa Claus*, a tender little story, by Joanna H. Mathews; *Bread and Oranges*, and *The Rapids of Niagara*, both by the author of "The Wide, Wide World;" and *Fred and Jennie*, by Jenny Drinkwater.

The Catskill Fairies; fairy tales equal to those of Grimm, Andersen, or the "Arabian Nights," by Virginia M. Johnson, illustrated by Alfred Fredericks, elegantly done up in cloth, green and gold. A book for children, the holidays, and the center-table. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Mind and Words of Jesus. Faithful Promises, Morning and Night Watches; a series of religious reflections and essays, most elegantly bound, by Rev. J. R. Macduff, D. D. (Robert Carter & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Sermons Out of Church, a volume of characteristic essays by Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Odd One, a story of stewardship, dedicated to "doers of the Word, and not hearers only," by A. M. Mitchell Payne. (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Brentford Parsonage, a domestic story by the author of "Win and Wear Series." (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Way we Live Now, a novel, by Anthony Trollope. (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE NEW YEAR, the Grand Centennial of our nation, opens auspiciously for our beloved **REPOSITORY**. It enters upon the thirty-sixth year of its existence with brilliant hopes and lofty aims. Of its past record it has every reason to be proud. The contents of the present number will give our readers an idea of the variety with which we intend to present them during the coming year. No need for us to descant upon the merits of each article,—proof enough that *we* thought each good and worthy of attention, or it would not have been placed before you. While you, reader, may not find on every page reading exactly to your liking, we feel assured that you can not fail to discover somewhere in this number something which has its special attractions for you, for we think we have not failed in our aim to consider the interests of each household member. The number is before you,—examine for yourself, and prove our words true.

The most hopeful of our secular papers do not hesitate to declare that we have reached the "bitter end" of financial depression, and prophesy rise. Let us lay side and shoulder to every Church interest, lift all of them out of the ruts, and give them an impulse forward that shall be worthy of the glorious '76.

THE WAY TO WINNOW HYMNS.—In his "Hymnology," Mr. David Creamer tells us how Mr. Wesley winnowed hymns. A mercenary bookseller surreptitiously published a collection of the popular sacred poems of the Wesleys, interspersed with others. Conference advised Mr. Wesley to republish the volume himself. He did so, and says, "out of two hundred and thirty-two hymns, I have omitted thirty-seven. These I did not dare to palm upon the world because fourteen of them appeared to me very flat and dull, fourteen more were prose tagged with rhyme, and nine more grievous doggerel. Some of these, especially two, that are doggerel double distilled, I am told are hugely admired and continually echoed from Berwick-on-Tweed to London. I am sorry for it; it will bring deep reproach on the judgment of the

Methodists. I dare not increase that reproach by countenancing, in any degree, such an insult on religion and common sense, and I earnestly entreat all our preachers not only never to give them out, but to discountenance them by all prudent means, both in public and in private."

Creamer gives one of these rejected hymns. The first verse has not a rhyme in it; the others are better; and the whole thing fifty per cent above the average of the spiritual songs of the shilling note-books and manuals of the present day. We give the second and fourth verses. From these let the reader judge.

"Had I a Gabriel's heavenly tongue,
Jesus' love should be my song;
Author of my present peace,
Fountain of eternal bliss;
Happy now beyond degree,
While I feel he died for me,—
When his richest grace I prove,
All my soul dissolves in love.

From thy fullness me supply;
All my nature sanctify;
Let me all thy goodness prove,
All the saving power of love;
My whole soul with love inflame,
While I sing my Savior's name;
Who from sin hath set me free
In the Gospel liberty."

It would save the Church some disgrace, if not a few of its modern compilations could come under its classic founder's critical scalpel.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.—In January, 1776, no man stood a fairer chance to be one of the foremost heroes of the American Revolution than Benedict Arnold. The season calls for reminiscences, and we shall probably have no fitter occasion than the present to note a few facts in the history of one on whom posterity has fixed the brand of traitor. His public acts are familiar and soon told. Besides aiding in the capture of Ticonderoga, and pushing an expedition to Quebec in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, he was a conspicuous actor in the battle of Saratoga, at which Burgoyne surrendered, October 17, 1777. At the beginning of 1779 he was court-martialed for

rapacity and oppression while in command at Philadelphia, and sentenced to be reprimanded by Washington. In July, 1780, he obtained by pretense of patriotism, command of West Point, and entered upon his well-known scheme to surrender this important defense to the British, which resulted in the death of André, and the escape of Arnold from the halter he so richly deserved. He died in London, June 14, 1801 (another authority says Brampton, June 20th). He was born in Norwich, Connecticut, 1740 (1741?). His mother died when he was eighteen, "a pattern of piety, patience, and virtue," says her tombstone: "a saint on earth," said one who knew her, "and now a saint in heaven." When he was away at school at fourteen, a letter of his mother's says, "Let your first concern be to make your peace with God," and "keep a steady watch over your thoughts, words, and actions." His father died when he was twenty. When he was a boy he was "bold, enterprising, ambitious, active as lightning, and with a ready wit always at command. In every kind of sport, especially if mischief was to be perpetrated, he was a dauntless ringleader, as despotic among boys as an absolute monarch." Many stories are told of his youthful pranks, recklessness, and daring. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a druggist, and, when his time was out, voyaged to the West Indies and to England, and finally married and set up a store in New Haven. His sign is still shown to the curious in the museum of the "City of Elms." He was a popular leader in all martial reviews, and, at the news of the battle of Lexington, was one of the first to post to Boston to offer his services to the country. He is represented as "ostentatious, reckless, insincere, self-seeking, ambitious, extravagant, fiery," with as little balance of moral principle as his famous contemporary, and coadjutor at the attack on Quebec, Aaron Burr. In our youth we used to pass, almost daily, the house in which Arnold was born and reared. It had the reputation of being haunted. A few relics of the family were still living, notably, two aged nieces, whom it was the delight of school-boys to annoy and persecute in order to elicit the fiery passion and torrent of billingsgate sure to be poured forth, by the elder of the

two lone sisters, on the slightest provocation. Their brother, Oliver Arnold, nephew of Benedict, is locally numbered as a rhymester of extempore doggerel. Called on for a sentiment at a supper, where the host had slighted his own brother on account of his poverty, Oliver got off the following:

"Captain Wheat made a treat,
And all the rich invited;
But such poor men
As his brother Ben
Are certain to be slighted."

Chopping kindlings at his door one Sunday morning, he was taken to do, by a Miss Charlotte Tracy, for violating the Sabbath. This jingle was ready:

"I'm very good at chopping wood,
Oak, maple, pine, and birch,
But sure I'd forgot
That Miss Charlotte
Had lately joined the Church."

In New Haven, he was introduced to Joel Barlow, who had acquired considerable reputation by an altered edition of Watts's psalms and hymns. Barlow asked him to extemporize, on which Oliver instantly rhymed:

"You've proved yourself a sinful creature,
You've murdered Watts, and spoiled the meter;
You've dared the Word of God to alter,
And for your pains deserve a halter."

HEROES OF '76.—Every stage of the war for Independence furnished new actors. It concerns us at this moment to look at those who occupied the foreground one hundred years ago the present month. Besieged Boston was the center of the now fairly inaugurated war. Four of Britain's most distinguished generals—Gage, Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton—held the city firmly, with eleven thousand men, and a formidable fleet in the harbor. A line, twelve miles long, was maintained by seventeen to twenty thousand insurgent Americans, "minute men," "sons of liberty," militia men, raw recruits, with wretched arms, and often not half a dozen rounds of gunpowder per man, commanded by Washington, appointed leader by Congress the May previous. Just at the close of the year, Washington has heard that the British meditate an attack westward, perhaps on New York, and he is studying how to checkmate their designs in that direction. The last day of '75 was made memorable by

the death of Montgomery before Quebec, where Wolfe and Montcalm had fallen sixteen years before. Benedict Arnold was the hero of the hour. The May previous, in conjunction with Ethan Allen, he had surprised and taken Ticonderoga. During the Fall he had started from Boston with eleven hundred men to ascend the Kennebec River, and penetrate the pathless woods of Maine and Canada, in a march of thirty-one days, without sight of human habitation, said by a British authority to be "one of the boldest military exploits on record." Wounded in the same battle in which his commander was slain, Arnold is protecting the remnant of his troops against the severities of a Canadian Winter, as he best can, a short remove from Quebec. The cooped-up British are using Boston churches for barracks, and burning houses for fire-wood, and the inhabitants are suffering all sorts of privation from scarcity and high prices. Boston, then a town of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, was soon to be relieved of their invaders, and New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston were to come in for their share in the discomforts and terrors of military occupation.

INFLATION AND DECLINE.—If any one wants a striking exhibit of the effect of retiring co'n, and substituting paper in its place, he will find it in the singular fluctuations of the missionary collections during the war and after. In 1862, the four conferences in Ohio were averaging thirty to fifty-five cents a member in the annual missionary collections. During the four years of the strife they rose to about double that average, and then steadily declined. In 1865, eighty thousand Methodists gave over seventy thousand dollars to the missionary cause. In 1874, one hundred and twelve thousand Methodists give forty thousand three hundred dollars. The Churches in the four conferences have increased thirty thousand in membership, and yet give only about half the missionary money they gave ten years ago. At this gait, how long will it take to touch the bottom of the missionary treasury, and how long to cut appropriations down to zero?

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1876.—These have been before the Church for some months. It will be necessary to ad-

vance in collections all along the line, if we would sustain the missions, extinguish the debt of the society, and save ourselves the mortification of such a cutting down scene as we witnessed last November. It was painful in the extreme, when mission after mission, domestic and foreign, put in the plea for more, to see them cut down even from the meagre sum allowed last year for their support and the extension of the work. The average of missionary collections has been on the decline long enough. Is n't it about time the tide turned? It will turn if pastors will not wait for missionary secretaries to come into their charges and do the work which they themselves ought to do. We need more action and less criticism and less talk.

THE GOLDEN HOURS.—One of the most interesting and reliable of our monthly visitors is published by Hitchcock & Walden, at the extremely low price of one dollar and sixty cents a volume. This beautiful magazine furnishes to boys and girls a pure and healthful literature, richly illustrated; a moderate amount of brain work in the form of puzzles, charades, and the like; and a deal of wholesome advice from the symbol of wisdom enthroned in Owl-dom. The managing editor, Miss H. V. Osborne, is fully alive to the wants of the little folks, and not unmindful of the tastes of the older ones, so that the magazine keeps the happy mean between childishness and pedantry. A great variety of books is not within the reach of every parent's purse. The peculiar province of this magazine appears to be to furnish to each member of the household that which his individuality requires. A book once read loses its charm and is thrown aside, but the magazine, with its twelve visits a year, is a continual source of anticipation and delight. The **GOLDEN HOURS** should be in every household.

BISHOP ASBURY.—For the following unpublished anecdotes of Bishop Asbury we are indebted to the venerable John F. Wright, of the Cincinnati Conference. He says:

"Upon one occasion the Bishop attended a camp-meeting in Virginia, where a certain preacher and his wife were both present. She seemed very much opposed to her husband's earnest labors in promoting the work

of God, and endeavoring to rescue deathless souls from the bondage of sin. Her opposition was so marked, and the restraining influence which she had over him was so evident, that the more zealous ladies of the encampment became greatly distressed on account of it. It was not long until they entered a praying-circle, with a number of mourners in their midst. The preacher in question led the devotions. His wife, as usual, was near his side; and several of the sisters were there too, watching, it must be confessed, rather than praying. His zeal led him to offer up his prayers and supplication with strong crying, so that his voice was strained to the highest pitch. His wife, alarmed at his exertion, suddenly thrust her handkerchief over his mouth to restrain him. This action the sisters deemed insufferable, and a few of their number were selected to report her case to the Bishop, in order that he might interpose his authority, and use his influence to change, if possible, her conduct. When the matter was laid before him, he softly replied, 'Perhaps she may thus prolong his life and labors in the ministry.' She certainly understood, or at least heeded, better than her husband, Mr. Wesley's caution about speaking 'too long and too loud.'

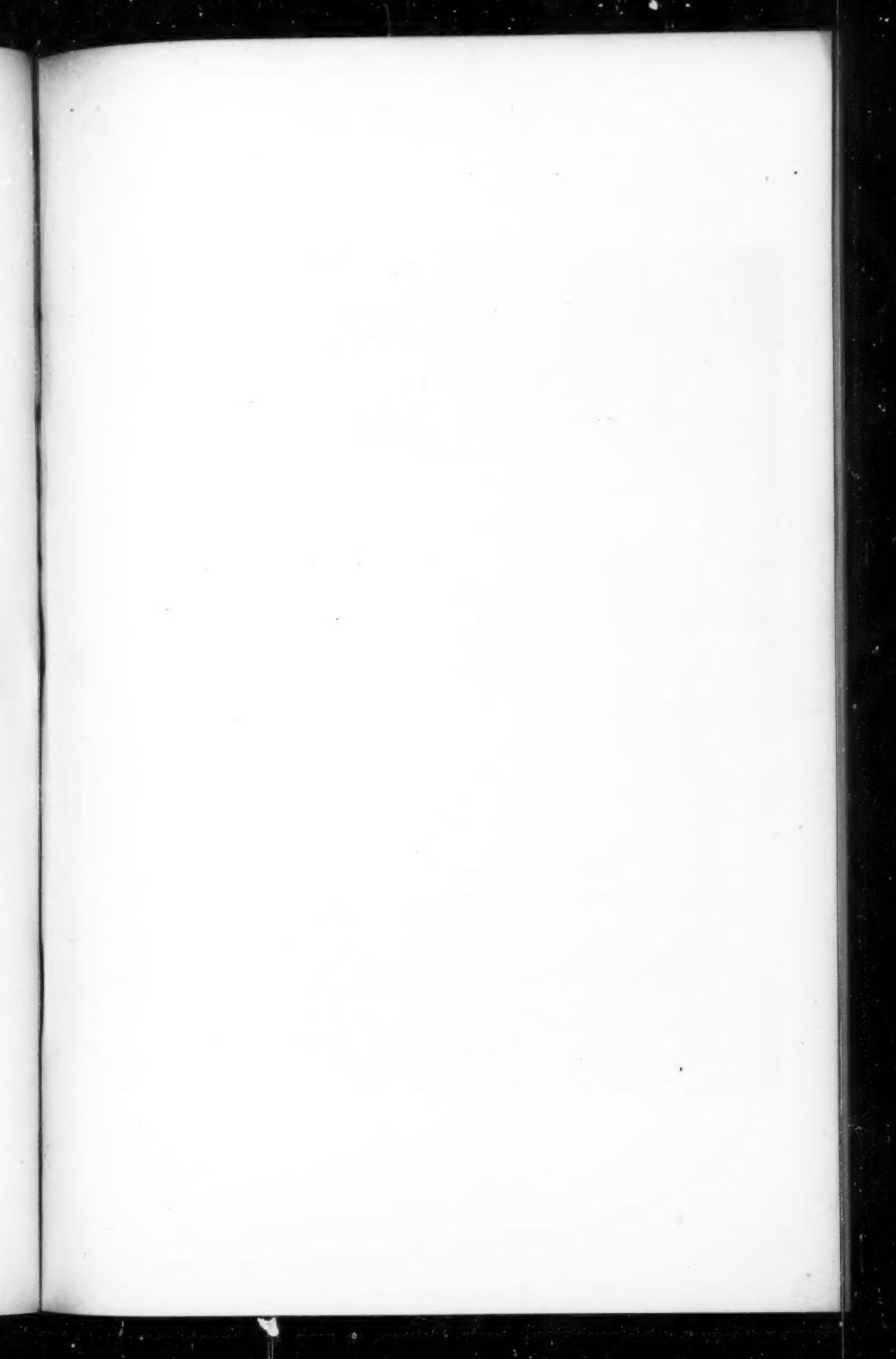
"In the year 1815, while I was traveling the Hanover Circuit, in Virginia, I heard a very talented minister preach, by the name of Richard Ferguson. He was a native of Ireland, and had license as a local preacher. The common opinion was, that he did not like to be governed by the rules relating to that class of ministers, and seemed desirous of making his own appointments, and arranging his own plan of labor, without consulting the preacher in charge. Many of the ministers and people of the Church objected to this course, and some of them applied to Bishop Asbury, as he was passing through their circuit, to have an interview with him, and instruct him more perfectly in regard to his official relations. It happened to be not long before the close of the Bishop's life, when he was racked with inflammatory rheumatism, and suffered greatly. The Bishop consented, and the interview was had. He instructed the brother as to his position in the Church, gave him some admonitions, and perhaps administered a reprimand. Mr. Ferguson responded: 'Sir,

we respectfully submit to have you admonish, reprove, and even rebuke us for our faults; but after all, do let us have an example of patience.' The Bishop saw the point, and mildly rejoined, 'Well, but what is a man to do when his bones are broken?'

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—A lovely scene is this of the *Cumberland Mountains*, near Brownsville, Pennsylvania. It is one of those quiet, peaceful retreats which the noise of the great world never reaches, which the shams and masks of society never deform, and where one feels not the jostle and push of the selfish crowd. Lifted above the common level, the fields present a more pleasing aspect; the water sparkles and flashes in the pure sunlight; the golden haze crowns all like a glory, and nature and man seem once more at concord.

Modern travelers have not yet identified all the places connected with the exode of the Israelites from Egypt. Even so prominent a point as Sinai is in dispute. Half a dozen distinct mountain peaks have been suggested; but the weight of evidence rather favors the place described in our vignette.

OUR PORTRAIT OF M'KENDREE will be new to most of the readers of this generation, who have seen no other than the one engraved from the painting by Paradise. It was painted by King, and was originally engraved in folio size, on copper, by David Edwin; prints from which were copyrighted and published in 1814, by Samuel Kennedy, Philadelphia. From one of these prints our picture is reproduced. For its use we are indebted to our assistant editor, in the family of whose father, the late Samuel Williams, it has been preserved for sixty years. We are sure the Church will welcome this portrait of one of her chief ministers with satisfaction. It better reproduces the peculiar expression of that venerable servant of God than the one with which we have long been familiar; and good judges, who knew the Bishop personally, say that it is a capital likeness. The Paradise portrait is fearfully literal. The stiff coat-collar seems to threaten to cut off the good Bishop's ears—the forelock plastered down on the forehead looks as though he had been in the hands of a Roundhead barber in the middle of the seventeenth century.





THE SHADY POOL

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GUSTAVE COURBET FROM THE PAINTINGS

— MINTON 174.

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J. R. MECKER

W. WELLSTOOD

NEAR BAYOU, LAFOURCHE, LA.

ENGRAVED FOR THE DALES' REPOSITORY